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Now!
I'm safe from
Food
Debility
thanks to
OVALTINE"

MANY a man or woman who is "run down" and depressed will look in vain for the cause before arriving at the correct one . . . **Food Debility**.

In these modern, bustling times the symptoms of Food Debility are everywhere more evident. The reason is that the ordinary dietary does not provide all the food elements essential for making good the extra demands on your nervous system. As a result, energy flags, vitality is lowered, and starved nerves give rise to sleepless nights. This is especially the case since the wet, dreary summer has deprived you of the health-giving benefits of sunshine.

You will always be safe from Food Debility when 'Ovaltine' is your regular daytime and bedtime beverage. 'Ovaltine' makes the daily dietary complete in the nourishment which builds up body, brain and nerves and protects your health against autumn and winter ailments. A cup of 'Ovaltine' at bedtime ensures sound, natural sleep and creates new energy and abundant vitality for the coming day. 'Ovaltine' is a complete food scientifically prepared from the highest qualities of eggs, milk and malt. Eggs are liberally used in 'Ovaltine' because they are rich in lecithin—a valuable nerve-building element. No tonic food beverage would be complete without this vital substance.

For all these reasons delicious 'Ovaltine' definitely stands in a class by itself. Furthermore, owing to its supremely high quality and the small quantity required to make a cup, 'Ovaltine' is by far the most economical food beverage in use. **Quality always tells—insist on 'Ovaltine'.**

Prices in Great Britain and N. Ireland, 1/1, 1/10 and 3/3



I used to think it was worry . . .

—for things had been very difficult at the office. So I started to cultivate a more philosophic frame of mind. I tried hard, but I was just as "nervy," listless and "played-out" as before.



Or perhaps - Insomnia . . .

For months I hadn't had a really good night's sleep. "I'll go to bed earlier," I thought. But I might have known that sound sleep was impossible with my nerves constantly on edge.



I feared a nervous breakdown . . .

—I was getting really alarmed — and then Philip told me about 'Ovaltine.' Well—I'm a new man since taking 'Ovaltine.' It gave me just the nourishment I needed. For, after all, my trouble was **Food Debility**.



Charivaria

"**GENERAL**LY speaking," says a writer, "if many people offer a man exactly the same advice it is best for him to follow it." And yet centre-forwards persist in passing instead of shooting.

★ ★ ★

A writer on the subject of school games recalls a headmaster who used to stimulate his football teams' scoring powers by caning the forwards. The more usual practice is of course to chastise the backs.

★ ★ ★

It is said that few burglars make as much as five or six pounds a week. But of course they live quietly.

★ ★ ★

In a recent competition the violin was adjudged the most popular musical instrument, with the cornet second. As to the drum, it was beaten hollow.

★ ★ ★

A boy in Mexico recently shot his schoolmaster through the arm. We hope he was made to stay in and write out a hundred times "I must not use firearms in school."

★ ★ ★

Crowds watched while a Pennsylvania barber, sitting in his shop-window, ate three hundred and sixty-six apples in a hundred and twenty-six minutes. And now they are watching to see if he will really keep the doctor away for a year and a day.

★ ★ ★

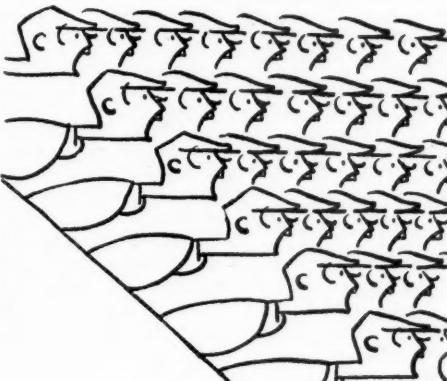
A new contrivance makes it possible to knit with one hand—which leaves the other one free for not selling postage-stamps with.

★ ★ ★

The autobiography of a retired French General, we read, is to be published at what many critics regard as a prohibitive price. They consider that even a soldier can sell his life too dearly.

★ ★ ★

"What words can describe the cheery fellow who smiles when everything around him is going wrong?" asks a lecturer. The answer is: Golf caddie.



"**Moths**," observes a London entomologist, "are among the least aggressive and assertive of insects." They are, as a glance at our wardrobe assures us, only too ready to take a back seat.

★ ★ ★

It is computed that steel helmets cost this country half-a-million pounds during the last War. Nobody says anything about the cost of brass hats.

★ ★ ★

A psychologist says many men disappear because they just feel they are not wanted. And some because they just know they are.

★ ★ ★

An American tourist who recently appeared in a London court gave his name as Tickle. Appropriately enough he came from New Jersey.

★ ★ ★

It has often been observed that counsel usually laugh at witticisms from the Bench but frown upon those from the witness-box. Circumstances, in fact, alter K.C.'s.

★ ★ ★

"A Socialist Government would take a greater interest in the home," declares a writer. Judging from the recent Municipal Elections a few Labour-saving devices would come in rather useful.

★ ★ ★

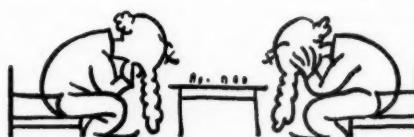
Confidence is the only prescription to cure hard times, declares a business man. Anyhow, it's been well shaken.

★ ★ ★

On account of the fact that cattle are required by law to have a minimum space per head when travelling by rail, we understand that season-ticket holders on some of our railways are asking for seasons "per Cattle Truck."

★ ★ ★

An author mentions that he has moved eleven times in the last fourteen years. Has it never occurred to him that he has the makings of a great chess master?



Conversation with a Poet

THE following conversation took place between myself and a poet in a high wind. The poet wore a green hat and sat on a gate throughout the interview with his heels on the top bar but one, though that is immaterial. I have set down the conversation exactly as it occurred. You can read it or not as you wish.

Poet. Helter-skelter
See them fly
Whirling, twirling
In the sky.
Dancing hither,
Dancing thither,
Leaves so swiftly
Doomed to wither,
Tell me with your latest breath
Why you dance the dance of death.

Myself. It's all a matter of—

Poet. What gay fancies
Make you flutter
Down the road
And in the gutter?
What bucolic
Sprite of Frolic
Bids you to this
Last mad rollick?
Do ye joy so to be free
Of the lately prisoning tree?

Myself. It's the wind, you know.

Poet. I beg your pardon?

Myself. I say it's the wind that makes the leaves whirl about. You appear to be labouring under some delusion that elves or Spirits of Unrest are animating them. Such is not the case. A purely mechanical causation—

Poet. Would it not have
Butter bean?

Myself. I'm afraid I don't follow you.

Poet (pettishly). You are confusing me with your constant interruptions. I meant to say

Would it not have
Better been
To linger in your
Pristine green,
Upon the—

Myself. Stop, stop! This is terrible. This is either crass ignorance or mere wilful self-deception. First you credit the leaves with emotions and now you talk as if they could decide by an act of will whether to adhere to or to quit the parent tree. You are about a thousand years behind the times. What is the use of all this animistic rubbish in an age of scientific knowledge? No wonder poetry is out of touch with the age if you poets persist in shutting your eyes to the discoveries of modern science. Clear your mind, my dear Sir, of superstitious conceptions which will not stand up for an instant to the searchlight of Truth. The facts are simple. Early in the year the sap rises—

Poet. Little leaflets
Brave and gay,
Brief—

Myself (loudly). The sap rises in the spring, ascending from cell to cell by a process known to botanists as diffusion, and, reaching the buds, causes them to swell and unfold into leaves. Through these leaves the tree breathes, or in other words a process of evaporation takes place, and at the same time—

Poet. Brief your glory,
Short your day.

Myself. —certain chemical properties in the sunlight are admitted to the sap, which then descends and completes the circulatory system. In the autumn less water is available for the tree, owing to the lowness of temperature, which slows down the rate of absorption at the roots. The leaves are then shed in order to restrict the amount of water lost by transpiration. The fall of the leaf is brought about by an active process on the part of the tree, which forms a special layer of cells at the junction of the leaf with the parent twig. Simultaneously the materials in the leaf still of use are dissolved and removed. The anthocyanins—

Poet. Rustling, whispering
'Mongst yourselves,
Like a pack of
Fairy elves.

Myself. —and the chromoplasts, which are of course the cause of autumn tints in the foliage, are produced by these chemical changes. Finally the leaf is burst off or removed by a puff of wind. Wind, by the way—

Poet (feebly). Flutter, flutter—

Myself. —contrary to the beliefs widely held by poets, is caused by hot air rising and cold air rushing in to take its place. It has nothing to do with gnomes. Bear these facts in mind when next you feel the urge to versify. I would suggest, for instance, that before composing your well-known Lines to a Snowdrop next January you should employ yourself in a search for rhymes to *pistil*, *peduncle* and *gamocephalous*. *Umbel* of course is easy.

Poet (with tremendous energy). Speed your russet
Mad career,
Racing, chasing
Everywhere,
Woodland folkmen,
Goblin oakmen—

Myself. Good-day to you, Sir.

H. F. E.

Shanty for Sunday Afternoon

HAUL your dad out, kiddies,
Haul your dad out!
(With an upsi-down-daisy-down, haul your dad out!)
Take him to Richmond, to Regent's or Kew,
To Bushey or Hampstead to look at the view;
And don't bring him back, whatever you do,
Till tea's on the table, heigh-ho, heigh-ho,
Till tea's on the table, heigh-ho!

Heave your dad out, kiddies,
Heave your dad out!
(With an upsi-down-daisy-down, heave your dad out!)
Please keep him walking, it's sunny and fair;
No, Mum's got a book and she's sick of fresh air,
So keep your dad out as long as you dare,
Till tea's on the table, heigh-ho, heigh-ho,
Till tea's on the table, heigh-ho!

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SEA ROOM

JOHN BULL. "SURELY WE CAN BOTH RUN AROUND IN THIS LITTLE POND WITHOUT BUMPING INTO EACH OTHER."



THE BRITISH CHARACTER
LOVE OF ARRIVING LATE AT THEATRICAL PRODUCTIONS

Bleekism

I TAKE it that I may assume that we are all conversant with the principles of Stakhanovism?

Don't worry. You may give untruthful little nods and deceitful little grunts of intelligence quite safely. When a man asks you if you are conversant with the principles of anything it is always a sure sign that whatever you may say he is going to explain them to you. Stakhanovism, you will remember, is—well, it's a Russian thing, invented by a man named STAKHANOV (OFF?), who worked harder than any man had ever worked in Russia before. If you've ever been in Russia you will know that this means that he reached about the standard of a particularly energetic plumber's mate. In England this supreme effort would probably have passed unnoticed. The man would either have been fired as a disturbing influence or thrown out of his union as a black-leg, and there would have been an end of the matter. But in Russia it started a Great Movement. The Five Years' Plan had been running for eight years and was getting a little *passé*, and everyone was getting a little tired of producing tanks as an answer to Sir HENRY DETERDING or Mr. CHURCHILL, so there was plenty of scope. STAKHANOV became a national idol. His methods have been studied and copied and written about and extolled and now Stakhanovism may be roughly defined as the idea that

everybody should work harder than anybody has ever worked before all the time.

From the first I was suspicious of the thing. I felt all along that, isms apart, it had a familiar sound, and that really we have had Stakhanovism in capitalist society for years without noticing it. I have gone into the thing pretty carefully, and for the life of me I can't see that it is much different from the old recipe-for-being-a-millionaire or recipe-for-living-to-be-a-hundred stuff. The essential principle is exactly the same, viz., that you work very hard indeed. I pointed this out to a Communist, and he said that the difference lay in the ideology behind the work. In England, if you work like that, you just become a millionaire exploiter or centenarian nuisance, whilst in Russia you do it for the good of the community. And when I suggested that it was precisely this ideology which won us the House Rugger Cup in my last year at school he just said I was incurably bourgeois.

It particularly interests me to see, however, that whereas we had Stakhanovism at school years ago, it is only just getting into the schools in Russia. The thing hasn't changed a scrap.

"Children at school," we read, "are being told to carry

on a struggle against bad work and its fatal consequence—failure to get a move into a higher form. A meeting of schoolchildren passed a resolution attacking “the insidious theory which we ourselves have invented—that there is no need to do any work in the first term of the year.”

“We give our pioneers word,” the resolution continued, “that we shall fulfil the plan by the end of next term.” The effect of this resolution, it is claimed, exceeded all expectations.

How that brings it all back! Appleton and Griggs and myself in my study. We held a meeting too. We too were concerned with the struggle to avoid the bad mark. Griggs, if I remember, had just been unsuccessful in doing so, and leaned against the mantelpiece. And I remember how the Stakhanovism idea had birth.

“Comrades,” said Griggs, “I protest against this insidious theory which we ourselves have fostered—that it is unnecessary to do old Peabody’s prep. That way disaster lies. Work is the only remedy.”

And then Appleton, the dreamer, spoke with a far-away look in his eyes. “I cannot consent,” he said gently, “to a bourgeois ideology which would have a man work for his own ends and his own glory. Somewhere there must lie a way in which all thought of self can be lost in the pooling of effort and the community of interest.”

“Exactly,” I said—“the common good.” There was a long silence and then Appleton made the great suggestion.

“Comrades,” he said quietly, “there is but one way. There is one Squinter Bleek who has a technical capacity and an application beyond all other men. Handicapped

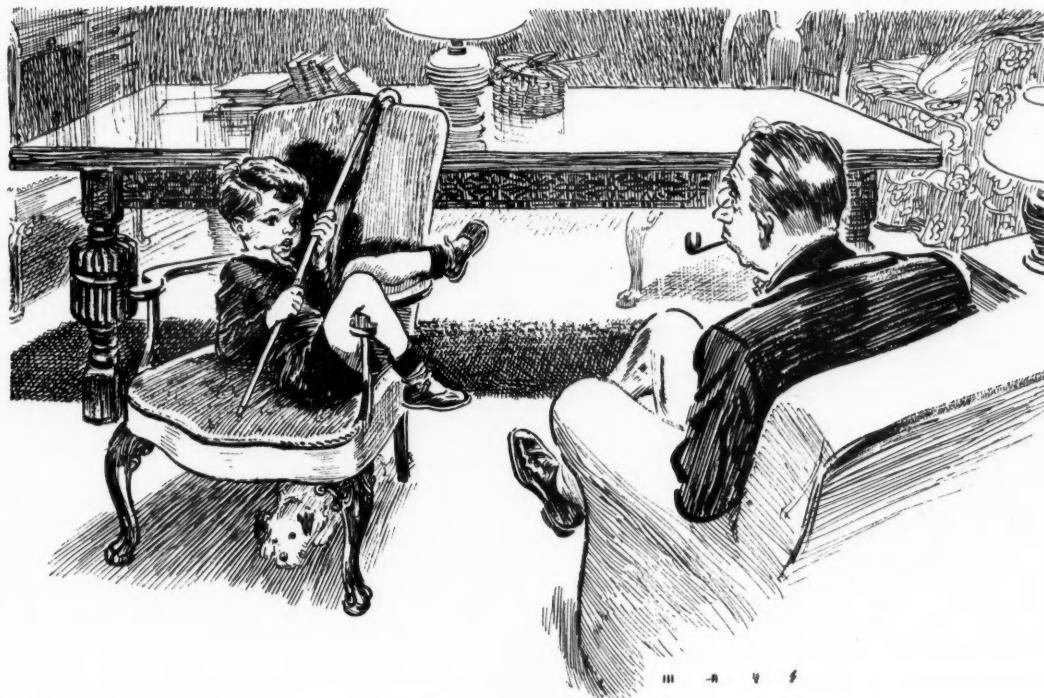
as he is by frail stature and a marked distortion of vision, this Bleek nevertheless contrives to outdo all others in quantity and excellence of production.”

“Comrade,” said Griggs feelingly, “you’ve said it. That lad smugs away as though he liked it.”

“I therefore move,” said Appleton calmly, “that this meeting should impress on Bleek the necessity for a purely communistic view of all activities, and should persuade him that the sharing of inspiration and effort for the common good would be in the interests of his soul and body. For did not MARX say, ‘From each according to his ability to each according to his need’?”

The resolution was carried. The result, as in the Russian school, exceeded all expectations. We got up a movement round Bleek. We studied his methods. We noted his results. We incorporated much of them into our own work, adding only just that touch of individuality without which work is dead. Without consciousness of extra effort we raised our standard of production to unprecedented heights, and for the rest of the term (save for one fortnight when the inspiratory Bleek was removed to the sanatorium with an attack of mumps) we never failed to be bracketed together near the top of the form.

Well, reader, there you are. There was Stakhanovism complete, with proper ideology, twenty years ago, in a despised bourgeois institution like an English Public School. But did we coin the word Bleekism? Did we write to the newspapers about it? Did we make Bleek a national hero? We did not. We just kept it quietly to ourselves. After all, why should we make a fuss? It wasn’t a particularly new idea even then.



“IN MY DAY WE SHOULD HAVE BEEN CANED.”
“RATHER CRUDE, DON’T YOU THINK, DADDY?”

Dishonours List

AT the Annual Meeting of our Bogton Branch of the Amalgamated Bottle-washers yesterday the paragraph in the Executive's Report concerning Honours was referred back and passed sideways, and much hot talk was heard. There was a row about the gold chain which the Mayor was wearing in defiance of the doctrine of equality, and towards the close of the battle a resolution was carried asserting that the offer of a peerage or knighthood to any of the members would in future be regarded as a collective insult.

The genius of our race has always been at its best in handling such affairs. Our historic habit is to stuff the tomato, so to speak—we cling to the old institution, but keep it lively with the new ideas. Perhaps some kind of compromise may avail us here.

We are bound to sympathize with those who go through life in a continual terror that they may wake up one morning and find themselves, or their political friends, barons, though we may have not many bad nights about it ourselves. One of their chief objections, I suppose, is that the Honour is permanent. The actor or novelist may soar up into sudden fame and even affluence; but everyone knows that it will not last. A new invention, a change of fashion, the income-tax or too much smoking will get him in the end, and he will be restored to a properly equalitarian penury in his old age. But once an Earl always an Earl—unless you are promoted to a Marquess or a Duke. And it is, I believe, impossible for a Knight Bachelor to get himself de-knighted. Bert Potts, our secretary, has certainly earned a knighthood, and for a human moment or two we might be pleased to see him honoured. But then, once he is mixed up with knighthood he may be corrupted and forget his old friends. One does see that.

But suppose that it were possible to pull him down later, as the film-star is pulled down by the rough hands of fate and time, or the beneficiary under a will can be pulled down by the punitive or capricious codicil. Suppose that at the end of every Honours List there were added a brief Dishonours List—or, in language less harsh, an Honours (Readjustment) List—thus—

Sir Roger Bean, Baronet

To be a Knight

For political services—rendered to the wrong party.

The Earl of Bootie
Put down to a Baron

For his poor attendance at the House of Lords.

The Baron of Beef
To be a Knight

For political disservices—namely, the naughty attacks upon His Majesty's Ministers in nearly all his newspapers.

The Marquess of May
To be a Baron

For his frightful driving on the high roads.

Mr. Antony Oke, O.M.
To be put down to a Companion of Honour

For taking up with free verse, for his last two books, and, generally, for letting the side down.

Sir Edward Thing, Knight
To be an Esquire

For being up-stage, forgetting his old friends and refusing to unveil an inn-sign on temperance grounds.

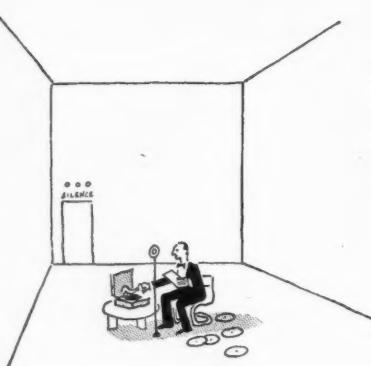
Dame Harriet Wych
To be plain Mrs.

For acting so very badly in *The Fourth Mrs. Farringay*.

In other words, the Honours World should be more like the excellent game of "Snakes and Ladders." At present it is all Ladders and no Snakes. What fun a Prime Minister might have with a truculent or idle Duke!

The Duke of Dram
Go back to Knight

For failing to legislate and losing every race this year. A. P. H.



"O.K., BOYS, LET HER GO!"

Fond Remembrance

"MEMORY is only an association of ideas," Laura said with her accustomed glibness.

I inquired what she had been reading. One knows so well the kind of remark that people feel impelled to make after reading about *Europe in the Melting Pot*, or *Problems of Infantile Misconduct*, or even just *Syncope for Beginners*. In Laura's case I felt certain that the answer to my inquiry would lie in *Psychology for the Million*, or perhaps on some even lower level—*Why Am I What I Am?*—sixpence—or something of that kind.

"I didn't have to read anything to know that," Laura replied. "I can see for myself that you only remember a thing because something you see makes you think of something else that you saw some quite other time and so you remember it. It's as clear as daylight."

I held a quite definite view of my own as to this exposé being as clear as daylight, and it is not inconceivable that something in my appearance—perhaps my eyebrows?—communicated it to Laura.

She began to argue. (Always a sign of weakness.)

"Suppose you meet poor Miss Pump in the village, what's the first thing you think of when you see her?"

"That it's more than time she got a new mackintosh. Hers must be twenty years old if it's a day."

"No, no. That isn't the first thing you think."

"Well, I suppose the first thing of all is whether she's seen me, or if I could possibly get into the post-office and stay there till she'd gone by."

"She'd be certain to be going there herself. Besides, I call that rather extravagant. You'd have to buy stamps or something."

"One always needs stamps. And anyway, I could always say I'd just come in to ask about the date of the Women's Institute committee-meeting."

"They'd be frightfully surprised, considering that they always make you settle the date yourself, so that you have to take the Chair because old Lady Flagge never turns up. I think you ought to say something to her about it, too."

"Poor Miss Pump," I said, "seems to awaken quite a long train of associations."

"I'm coming to that," Laura replied unblinchingly. "Only you won't stick to the point. Now do think a

minute. You're walking in the village. Coming towards you is poor Miss Pump. What instantly flashes into your mind?"

"I'm walking in the village. Poor Miss Pump is coming towards me. Would it make any difference if she was walking *away* from me?"

"Certainly not. This isn't a riddle. I'm trying to elucidate for you one of the elementary principles of human psychology."

"*'Why Am I What I Am?'* I thought so."

"I don't know why you're what you are," Laura said, "but I wish you'd answer my question. Otherwise we shan't ever get any further."

"Like me and poor Miss Pump in the village. Let me see. What *should* I think if I suddenly met her? I might think I didn't care about her hat."

"You'd think you didn't care about poor Miss Pump's hat?"

"Yes, Massa Johnson, I'd think I didn't care about poor Miss Pump's hat," I answered obediently, following what I supposed to be Laura's lead.

But she sounded pettish rather than gratified.

"Surely you must know what I mean now. You see poor Miss Pump and her name at once flashes into your mind. *That* is memory. In other words, you associate *her* with her *name*. Like when I see Mr. Hodges I always think of Dr. JOHNSON's cat."

"Yes, indeed," I answered with ready courtesy. "Naturally one would. I only wish I'd thought of saying that the moment I meet poor Miss Pump in the village I invariably remember MAHOMET's cat or BALAAM's ass."

"You do know that Dr. JOHNSON's cat was called Hodge, don't you?" Laura murmured abstractedly. "I saw it in *Boswell* only last week when I was doing a crossword-puzzle."

"If you only saw it last week, how can you always have remembered it whenever you've met Mr. Hodges?"

"I meant that I always have ever since. At least I certainly did when I met him this morning. And there's another thing which *absolutely* proves my point."

If I thought Laura's use of the word "another" in this connection altogether inappropriate and misplaced I refrained from saying so.

Besides, Laura was still talking.

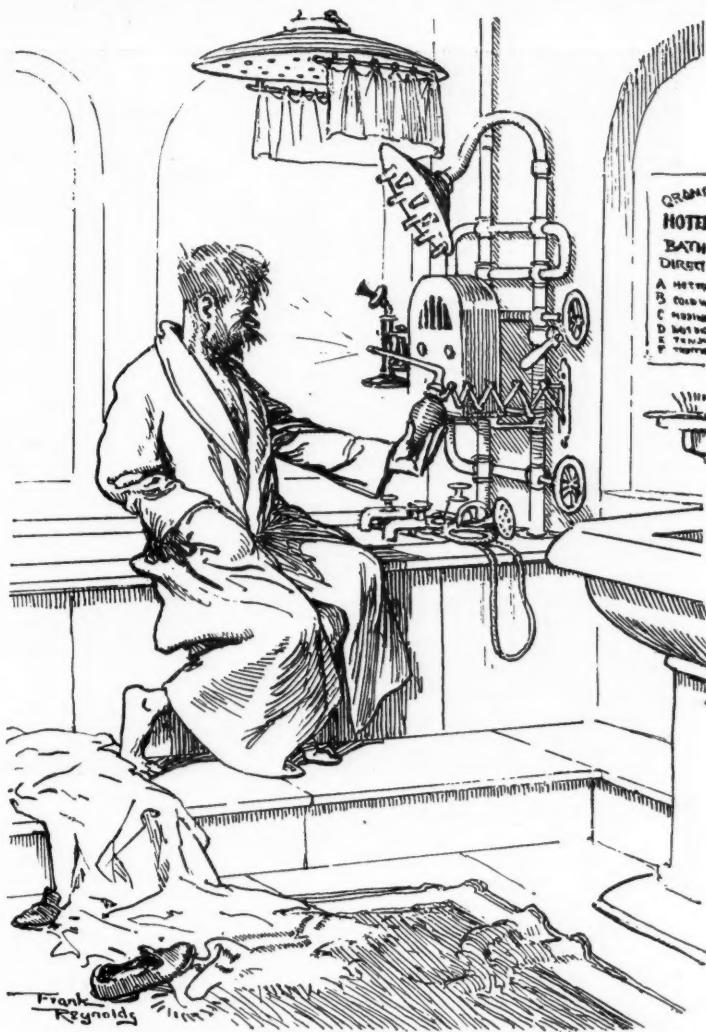
"As a matter of fact, I think MAHOMET was really a mouse."

"Indeed?"

"When I say MAHOMET was a mouse, I don't really, literally, mean that."

"I felt sure you couldn't."

"But what I *did* mean was that one always says: MAHOMET will go to the mountain, and one *also* says: The



Aberdonian. "MAIRCY ME! HERE'S ANOTHER I OMITTED TO MAK USE OF."

mountain brought forth a mouse. And I got the two associations rather mixed up, and thought for the moment that it was MAHOMET and the mouse that had to do with each other. It does *frightfully* prove that memory is simply association—just like I said."

"But what is gained, even if it is proved—which I am very far from admitting? You see Mr. Hodges—who, after all, has never done you any harm—and all you can think of is a dead-and-gone cat belonging to a thoroughly tiresome old man; and all you can suggest for poor Miss Pump is that one should remember her name, which one would probably do anyhow after knowing her for fifteen years."

"I don't think you ought to call Dr. JOHNSON a tiresome old man," said Laura. "Probably you've forgotten

what they say about him in *The Dictionary of National Biography*. I saw it when I was—"

"Don't tell me, I'll guess. When you were doing a crossword-puzzle."

"Not at all. It was when I was looking up something or other—I've forgotten what."

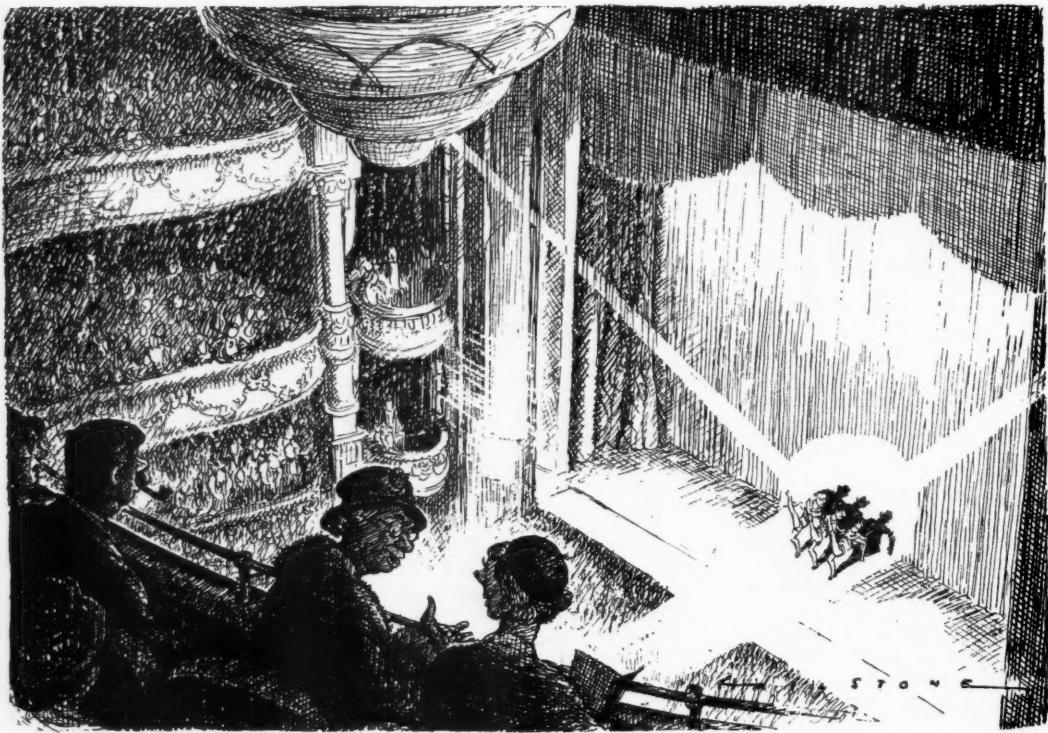
I refrained from the obvious retort. Partly because Charles came into the room and interrupted me.

"Look here, Laura—" he began.

"Oh!" cried Laura in a startled way, turning to me. "I really came in to tell you that the cat was at the door and Charles was waiting."

And she had the effrontery to add: "The moment I saw him again it awoke the association—which just proves what I've been saying."

E. M. D.



"THAT'S THE TWINKLE TRIPLETS—AT LEAST THEY SAY TWO OF THEM ARE TRIPLETS."

Early Worm

ON Sunday morning Mr. Mohican woke up feeling that all was well with the world and with him too, and the feeling did not leave him for some minutes. This was partly because he had had a very good night, and partly because he was still only half awake and did not at first remember that the maid was not in the house and that therefore nobody would be bringing in any tea. The maid had gone away to be present at her sister's wedding.

Even so it was another minute or longer before he remembered the worse aspect of the situation: that he in a moment of bravado had promised his wife that he would get up and make some tea himself. This was a dreadful thought. Usually the imminence of a cup of tea was necessary to make him so much as sit up, and now he had to get right out of bed and potter about for many minutes in the cold without any stimulant whatever.

Nevertheless he crawled out of bed without a word and stumbled downstairs, groaning to himself. For his

promise of the night before had been led up to by an argument: his wife had said that he would not be able to make the tea without making a fuss as well, and he had said that, on the contrary, nothing would be easier.

"It'll all be over as quick as a baby's sneeze," he had said, not so much because this was a particularly apposite simile as because it was his own and all day he had been trying to work it off on somebody.

At that moment, however, the thought of a baby's sneeze merely made him want to sneeze himself. Stifling the impulse, for he knew that sneezing would probably be construed as making a fuss, he went into the dining-room and tore a leaf off the calendar.

"All things are touched with Melancholy."
THOMAS HOOD.

Reading this, Mr. Mohican nodded profoundly and went into the kitchen, where he found that most things, including the tray and apparently the kettle, had been got ready for him the previous night. For some moments he debated with himself whether to take offence at this. But the idea was

driven out of his head by the discovery that he could not find any matches.

A chill seized on his soul. Chills had been seizing on him everywhere else for a long time, but now one seized on his soul. He had a presentiment. He had once before passed through the harrowing experience of not being able to find any matches.

He padded back into the dining-room and peered intently into the sideboard. There were no matches in there. He remembered, in fact, finding this out the previous morning when he had tried (according to custom) to sneak a box before he left for the office. He also remembered that his wife had said she must not forget to order some from the grocer.

This meant probably that some had arrived from the grocer yesterday afternoon. The question now was: Where had she put them?

"Here am I," said Mr. Mohican to himself, "a reputable citizen, a careful driver, a good husband and an uncomplaining eater on occasion even of spinach, standing in my own dining-room with the draught whistling round my shins while I try to deduce, starting from scratch, where my wife puts

matches. The situation is ludicrous. Ha," he added gloomily, "ha, ha, ha!"

Thinking back over the day before, he recalled that he had not used a single match of his own. There would be none of his, then, on the dressing-table upstairs, however surreptitiously he crept up again to fetch them.

Sombrely he shuffled back to the kitchen, pausing in the doorway of the pantry to look round. This seemed a vaguely auspicious spot. The hazel-twig of a matches-diviner standing here would probably lead him straight to a small mine of matches. Mr. Mohican, trying to feel like a matches-diviner, groped on a dusky shelf, but succeeded in finding nothing more useful than a tall bottle of olive-oil, which he knocked over.

"I understand why maids leave," he thought, mopping up the oil. "They can't stand the awful responsibility of knowing where everything is. They creep down in the cold dawn, their minds burdened with a mass of unique and depressing information. Nothing is hidden from them. They know all about the razor-blades under the bath and the dust behind the electricity meter, and the cache in the bookcase of packets of lavender bought from men at the door. They could lay their hands," Mr. Mohican reflected, taking the oil-soaked cloth out to the scullery, though not before it had dripped a lot on to his bedroom-slippers, "at a moment's notice, without any question, on a match. Whereas I—"

Whereas he could too. There happened by some miracle to be an odd non-safety match lying solitary on the scullery shelf. What is more, when he took it into the kitchen and anxiously struck it on the stove it succeeded in lighting the gas.

Ten minutes later he was proudly bearing the tray upstairs. How great and forbidding were the obstacles he had uncomplainingly and without any fuss overcome!

"Tea!" he cried, entering the bedroom.

His wife turned over drowsily. "All right, darling," she said. "Make it when you like. The kettle must be nearly boiling: I switched on minutes ago."

Mr. Mohican put the tray down, feeling a little faint. He had quite forgotten there was an electric kettle in the bedroom.

R. M.

P. & J.

THOUGH opulent impresarios
Millions of dollars pay
For filming new scenarios,
Gorgeous or grim or gay,



"PLEASE, I WANT TO SPEAK TO THE SYMPATHISER."

I find more food for jollity
Of elemental quality
In the sublime frivolity
Of Punch's one-man play.

He needs no platinum beauties,
He does not snarl or croon,
His theme-song, "Rooti-Toot," is
A fresh and lark-like tune;
His cast is not extensive,
His dog is calm and pensive,
Who sometimes takes the offensive
But never bays the moon.

He does not charge high prices,
His audience has to stand,
One little pipe suffices
To keep his troupe in hand;
And though domestic quarrels
Tarnish his hero's laurels,
All Restoration morals
Are rigorously banned.

He emulates RUTH DRAPER'S
Economy in props,
Is noticed by no papers,
But never fails or flops;
From politics refraining,
Pathology disdaining,
And constantly maintaining
A run that never stops.

He caters for all classes,
The humble and the rich;
The saddest soul that passes
Is lifted from the ditch.
And, though beguiled when moody
By MENUHIN (YEHUDI),
I reach with Punch and Judy
The highest concert pitch.

C. L. G.

Another Impending Apology
"Bromobenzyl cyanide (B.B.C.) (Per-
sistent)." — *Air Raid Precautions Handbook*.

Garden Rubbish

By the Authors of "1066 And All That"

CRAZY GARDENING

THE purpose of Crazy Gardening (ord: Idiotici: numerous species cultivated) is to triumph over such irritating things as Common Sense, Common Decency and those Common People next door. . . .

For instance, everyone knows the standard form of Crazy gardening, which consists in filling up half the garden with yards of crazy pavement and then, apparently, introducing a Gorgon's Head, thus filling the garden with *fossilized gnomes, terra-cotta dwarves, concreter rabbits, leaden birds, porcelain toadstools and cast-iron perpetual dogs (any breed, coloured to taste or spotted, per each 7/6)*.



Scarcely less crazy is the mental blight known as *Pergola-mania*, which consists in *total inability to stop making pergolas*.

Little need be said—too much, alas, is known—about those crazy gardeners who show their doting affection for the garden by *taking it indoors* (not accidentally on their boots, but deliberately in pots), filling with bowls full of rich wet composts every cupboard, drawer and wardrobe in the spare bedroom ("You won't be unpacking much, will you?"), damping off their rare brackens and other herbal parafernalia in all the wash-basins, and even attempting to grow mushrooms under the bath.

Worse still are Whimsical Gardeners who go in for "Pinch Gardens," i.e., gardens stocked exclusively with seedlings they have pinched, and label each specimen accordingly, e.g., *Primula Mr. and Mrs. Smith, 109 Acacia Road; Royal Anemone Chelsea Show 1935; Banana, Kew, 1936; Orchid Messrs. Floradora Ltd., 198, Piccadilly; Pink Geranium Clodsham Station, 9.54 Sundays only, Paddington first stop. List kindly supplied by Lady Cheter Whimsey.*)

Other well-known follies are Matrimonial Gardening, meaning the arrangement of whimsical marriage-beds, such as *Hibiscus Count Zeppelin* with (alas) *Calceolaria Charlotte Brontë*, or a tasteful bed of *Celibacy Cardinal Wolsey* relieved by splashes of *Auricula Purple Bedder* (the old maudlin Oxford variety); and Alphabetical Gardening, or growing flowers in the form of letters, e.g., abbreviations of institutions you admire, like T.U.C., C.I.D., or initials of former sweethearts and favourite creditors—the only justifiable form being Rly. Stn. Gardening, which tells you so pleasantly ("Say it with flowers") the full name of the station you ought to have got out at.

Finally we note the Collecting Mania which compels quixotic evergreen-snobs to accumulate exotic never-green-shrubs (however melancholy), or to cultivate the strangest possible flowers in the wrongest possible places—Tibetan poppies in Thames Ditton and Borneo orchids at Bourne-

mouth.

But of all these eccentrics surely the most bewitched are those who go in for *cactus-growing* or, as the philo-succulents themselves say, "embrace the Cactus." Their excuse, no doubt, is that it is the most searing test of one's capacity to love any Green Thing, however hideous, tedious or dangerous, because

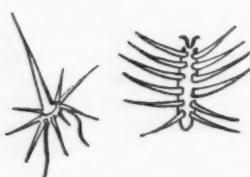


FIG. 1. SOME THINGS YOU MAY COME UP AGAINST.

(1) though not all prickly plants are cactuses (old proverb: "All that prickles is not cactus"), most succulent plants defend themselves by either pricking you (see Fig. 1) or poisoning you, or both; (2) They are all designed to grow in the endless sunshine of the Arizona deserts and *not* in the dampish twilight of a Dulwich conservatory; (3) "There are 124 genera and 2,000 species" (*Britton and Rose*), and, "There is nothing so depressing as a lot of sick cacti" (*Vera Higgins*), and "She's telling us" (*Capt. Pontoon*); (4) They take six years to grow six inches and "flower" for one night only, usually as a sign of impending calamity, with the exception of the Mexican Cereus, which grows sixty feet in six weeks and poisons you whenever you look at it (or even think of it); (5) They are practically all designed to dishearten their Lovers by a close resemblance to something utterly frightful—a German saw bayonet, the Brobdingnagian wax models of lice found in Natural History Museums, green lobsters, Mills bombs, barbed wire, long-haired bogeys, spiked clubs for trench-raiders, surrealist sweetmeats, a cross between a hedgehog and a fircone, or The Undying Worm. . . .

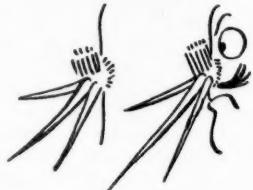
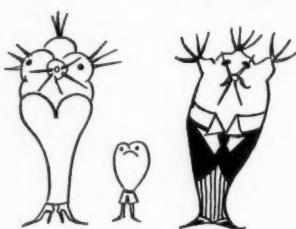


FIG. 2.



MR. AND MRS. P. SUCCULENT AND CHILD

will recognise you as a portent of personal or even of international calamity. . . .

POSSIBLE GARDENING

"A garden is a loathsome thing—so what?"

Capt. W. D. Pontoon.

Well, there it all is—on paper. Or most of it—because as a matter of fact there are about A Thousand and One Lovable Doings and Don'tings for Garden Zealots which we hadn't the heart or the time to mention.

This *time factor* is serious. As the Garden Books say, "A little experience will speedily convince you" that there are (alas) only fifty-two week-ends, a fortnight's holiday and a few fine summer evenings for carrying out all this Plotting and Planning, Earth-control, Ding-worship and other Manorial Rites; this Sowing and Mowing and Grubbing up the weeds and weeding out the grubs, and all that grafting and grouching and binding and boasting and pegging down and forking in and stumping up; and eke, withal, mayhap and (peradventure) *Alack*, perpetually damning-back the dank encroachments of your Unpleasance.

So what?

We'll tell you what. *There are only two systems for working it*, we mean for working it so that you have time to Love your Garden and yet turn up at the office (with or without your green fingers) frequently enough to hold down your

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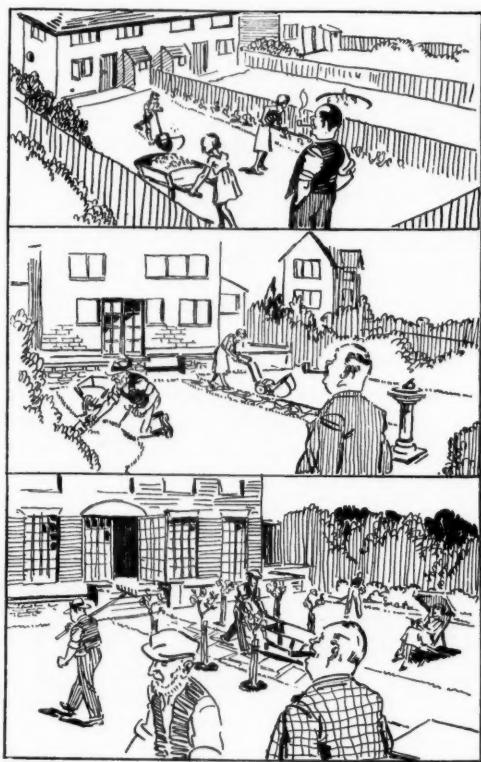
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job and keep off the dole. The two systems are *Dumb Gardening* and *Wildflower Gardening*.



MR. X WAS ALWAYS A KEEN GARDENER.

Dumb Gardening is when you keep your nose glued to the grindstone (not the one in the Unpleasance) till you've got a cool unctuous £5,000 a year and can delegate the whole snobgoblinatiuous garden nuisance to a lovable head-gardener (*not* Angus MacFungus) and his seven earth-bound assistants while you just sit about and *don't do anything* but just keep on loving in the same old way, and explaining (at the office) that everything's lovely in the garden and that you've always been a keen gardener yourself. . . .



Wildflower Gardening is simpler still, because all you have to do to be a Wildflower Gardener is to amble out every week-end with a stick and a dog and Note with Approval,

or in a bad season with Contempt, the rather ramshackle results of Dame Nature's endeavours to do a bit of gardening on her own without reference to the Impossible Manuals.

(The stick, by the way, is for improving your golf by striking off the heads of any wildflowers which look as if they needed cutting-back, and the dog is for running wild after the Distant Prospect of a Rabbit, rolling in decomposed carcases, barking (inspired by the Distant Prospect of a Cow), getting mulched up to the eyes in clay-soil, leaf-mould, etc., and having to be given water, weeded-out, raked-over, decomposed, fumigated, and forced into its basket when you get home again.)

THE END.

A Song of Sighs

[*"A department where the buyer is herself outsize."*—*Advt.*]

THOUGH I admire her enterprise
Who shrinks not from increasing weight,
Who remains mistress of her fate
And bulky for the bulky buys
Outsize, outsize,

To me no comfort she supplies:
What though she cater for my needs
With liberal wool, with ample tweeds,
If the doom heavy on me lies
Of size, outsize.

Vain is the counsel of the wise
Who bid me scorn the outward show
That my true inward self may grow
And to the empyrean rise
In size, outsize!

For though I fain would win the prize,
I am tormented by the truth
Imprinted on the face of youth
That turns its clear and mocking eyes
On size, outsize.

Young things, beware! Time swiftly
flies,
Your peak approaches, soon will you
Stand, like stout CORTEZ, silent too,
Or murmur with a wild surmise,
"Outsize? Outsize." H. C. B.

"That part of the Parish of Soham which is bounded by a line commencing at a point on the southern boundary of the Parish in the centre of the main road from Fordham to Ely, thence in a generally north-westerly direction along the centre of the said road to the north-western boundary of the Parish, thence in a generally north-easterly, northerly, westerly, northerly, generally north-easterly, south-easterly, south-westerly, south-easterly, south-westerly and generally southerly direction along the Parish boundary to the point of commencement aforesaid."—*Local Govt. Order*.
Thence, if not too giddy, home.

Two weeks ago, in a fictitious series of letters, Mr. Punch used the words "National Homefinders, Ltd." as the name of an imaginary firm. He is now informed that there is an actual firm with the title of Messrs. Homefinders (1915) Ltd., and hastens to say that no reference or suggestion of a reference to this firm was intended in the article.

Joint Mastership

OUR country, in hunting language, is very remote from the Shires. We are only a small hand-to-mouth affair and, though we enjoy life in the saddle, we know nothing of five miles over grass and no wire. Sometimes in the more mountainous districts we feel, rather like a detached climber on a nasty bit, a desire to hang on to a sound piece of rope—a thought that would send a shiver through Melton. Nevertheless we have hounds and there are foxes, and, if they seldom meet, we do our best to give them plenty of exercise.

This season I received what is almost the supreme honour of the Chase. Not a Mastership but a Joint-M.F.H. Gerald, who for so long had sustained the sole direction of our Hunt, felt that he could no longer face it alone. The subscriptions, as always, were drifting away on the ebb and other things were coming along on the flood. Horseflesh, both dead and alive, had riz; meal had riz; the poultry account had riz; so he took off his velvet cap and offered half of it to me, and I, like the renowned *Mr. Jorrocks*, felt that the ambition of my life had materialised. And, after all, twelve couple of hounds and a country half of which is unenclosed could not be a preposterous financial affair; so I sunk the ifs and bought another horse, guaranteed to be a perfect mountaineer. But there were snags. There always are snags. I struck them quite early in my career as a Joint Master.

The first and rather unthought-of snag that a newly-entered M.F.H. strikes is the horn. As a follower in a small establishment he has probably assisted the Hunt in many ways which in Leicestershire would be severely discouraged. Pressed into service as whipper-in, he has galloped upwind to take a stand at a corner of the woodland and, if fortunate, view the fox away, and so, depending on the state of his tonsils or whatever it is does it, he achieves a "View halloo!" and a certain amount of hound language.

But until he is Master the horn is an undemonstrated problem. After all, this must be so, as until you receive the accolade you cannot practise upon the instrument without drawing more attention to the performance than you are likely to desire. It is very probable that the existing M.F.H. would hear about it and could only presume that you were preparing to step into his long boots. My first efforts, though they informed the languishing field that I was still alive,

and then, with the dexterity of a conjurer, produced from her sack the heads of nine chickens and, in a silence which could almost be felt, laid them reverently in a row along the doorstep.

"Nine o' the handsomest pullets that ever came out of a shell, they was." She spoke in a low even voice, just making a plain statement with neither rancour nor despair. "And last night his lordship came down from the Big Wood and sniped the lot." After a dramatic pause she added:

"Them's stock birds, and half-a-guinea a piece wouldn't ha' bought 'em from me."

There was about her the stark and hopeless tragedy of the Celt. I steeled myself to disregard it, and after a sequence of unemotional negatives persuaded her to accept two pound notes. With the same silent swiftness with which they had appeared the nine heads were swept back into the sack and then, as one resigned to the buffettings of fate, she bade me a melancholy farewell.

Later in the day Gerald came along to discuss the general programme of the Hunt.

"By the way," he said, after the preliminary outlines of his strategy had been paraded, "you must be very cautious about poultry claims. An M.F.H. is considered fair game, and all sorts of people will be having a shot at you. Before you settle with 'em, have a look at the damage, and when it's poultry make quite certain they own the birds and that they've been killed by a fox. Old Dennis the butcher has just told me that a gipsy woman

came along last night and begged some chicken-heads. It may only be the ferrets' breakfast, but it's possible with an outfit like that she may try it on the Hunt first. I have known something like it happen."

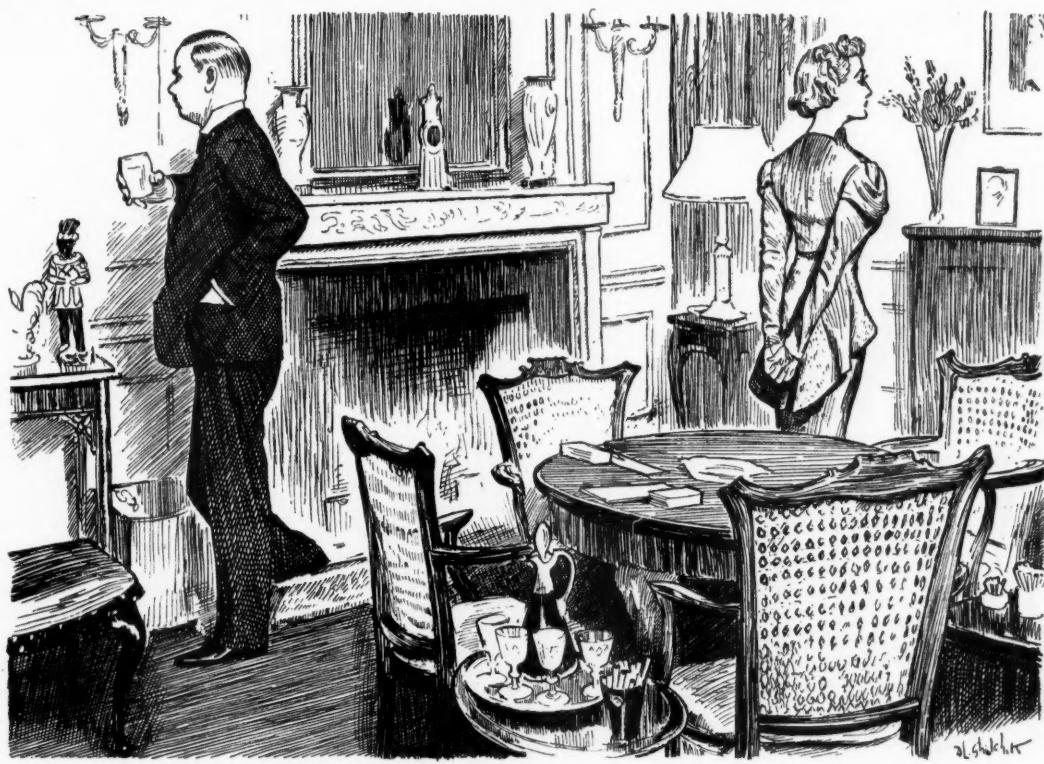
Of course I also had acquaintance of some like happening but forbore to mention it, and after Gerald had gone I concluded that, notwithstanding my love of drama and in spite of a superb display of acting on the part of the lady who played "Mrs. Conolly," two pounds was more than I could afford even for a private performance.



"ORL RIGHT, THEN, JUST AN APÉRITIF."

conveyed to the hounds, as far as I could gather, nothing but a feeling of intense amazement.

Nevertheless life appeared to be progressing upon lines of bountiful promise and the prospect definitely fair until last Monday. On Monday, never my best day, a macabre shadow was cast across my horizon. At 8.30 A.M. I was told that someone desired to see me. I went to the front-door and there, with a small sack clasped to her bosom, stood a woman. She was dark, middle-aged, and extraordinarily un-washed. Before I could greet her she informed me that she was Mrs. Conolly,



"THEN IT'S ALL SETTLED, MARJORY. MY BAGS ARE PACKED, AND AS SOON AS THE MIDDLETONS HAVE BEEN FOR BRIDGE WE PART FOR EVER."

For the Consideration of Lord's

THE results of the disastrous summer of this year are now beginning to be published by the various County Cricket Clubs, so that it is known how badly "down" some of them are. Sussex is, I believe, £6000 to the bad; and naturally we are all wondering what can be done. Remembering an experience of my own, I have hit on a plan which I will now unfold.

At one of the last cricket matches of the year, at a Festival at a southern watering-place, our placidity was rudely interrupted, at regular and far too frequent intervals, by rival newspaper boys rushing in with the latest editions and carrying them vociferously round the ring. Apart from the fact that each boy, as he passes, obscures for a moment some enthusiast's view of the pitch, and that the newspaper purchaser, as he unfolds and reads, obscures it still more, there is the added vexation of noise; for whether it is a winner or a disaster, the news has to be shouted, and the boys that I have

in mind were not boys at all, but mature raucous men with hideous accents who spared us no details. One of them indeed, the earliest to arrive, having no printed placard, himself had inscribed in big letters the tidings of a gruesome tragedy on a large sheet which he displayed at the same time that he proffered the papers and repeatedly announced the calamity—"Aeroplane crashes in sea. Two killed." Round and round the ring he went, declaiming with a gloating relish.

This was before lunch, when neither he nor his competitors, who followed, seemed, I was delighted to see, to have much success; but it was different in the afternoon, and that is why I have a proposal for the County Secretaries to consider at their meeting at Lord's next month. My proposal simply is that to the agenda of the County Secretaries meeting in December should be added the word "News."

As personally I look upon a cricket match as a means of beguilement and an escape from an unrestful belligerent world, I naturally resent any reminder of the fever and the fret that are prevailing outside. And as I also

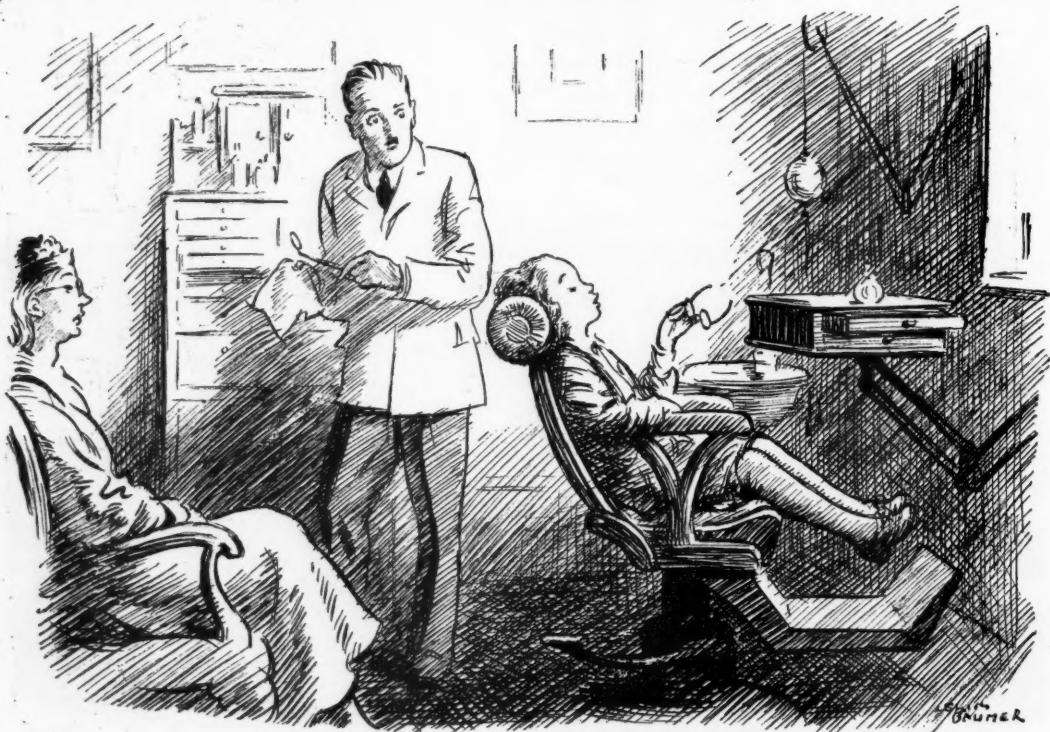
want to see what is happening in the field, I should like to hear that the Secretaries have legislated newspaper boys off the grounds. It needs only a stroke of the pen.

But as I am no *Timon*, I am prepared to accept a compromise. Knowing only too well what is at the back of the minds of most people who look at cricket, I suggest modestly that, as a compensation for no longer permitting the passage of newspaper boys among the spectators, to interfere doubly with the sight of the game—once with their bodies and once with the opened sheet—an extra space should be provided on the top of the scoring-board for the vital facts, the really important information, of the day.

Catastrophes might perhaps be allowed to wait, but the vital facts, by which I mean the results of the 3.30 and other races, could be given.

I do not know what the cost of such an addition to the scoring-boards would be, but something, I am sure, trifling compared with the heightened popularity of the game and the re-establishment of financial soundness.

E. V. L.



The child. "PREMOLAR, LOWER JAW, LEFT SIDE, PLEASE, MR. ROBINSON."

A Rhyme of Nutlet-Cutlets

WHEN Mrs. BEETON wrote the book
That made her reputation, Sir—
Before the English learned to cook
As Frenchies do, la-la!—
Her simple homely recipes
Were hailed by all the nation, Sir;
They were as English as SURTEES
Or *Jorrocks*. "Ask Mamma!"
A sirloin for the table, Sir,
A noble sirloin was to her,
And Sunday's roast
(It was her boast)
Was Monday's hash, ha, ha!

OH

She did not try to mince and fry
Bananas with shallots;
She made no nutlet-cutlets served
In halves of apricots;
No guest of hers
With popping eyes
Took cream-cakes from a dish
When Mrs. BEETON was around
And dug their teeth in them and
found
(O rare and whimsical surprise!)
Tomatoes stuffed with fish.

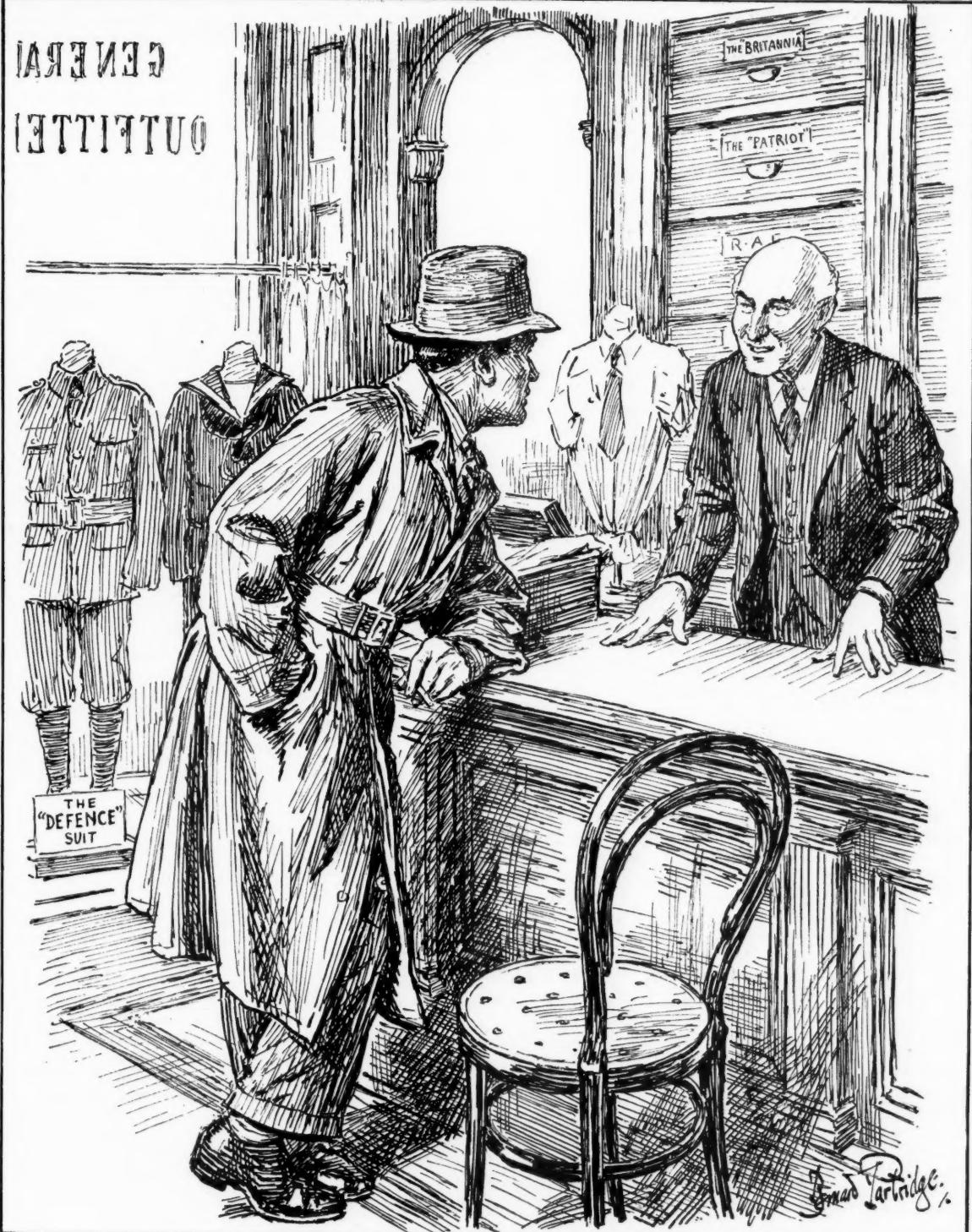
FOR

When Mrs. BEETON wrote her book
There were no Sunday papers, Sir;
The English hadn't learned to cook
In whimsy-whamsy ways.
She advocated now and then
A sparing use of capers, Sir;
The meals she planned were planned for *men*,
And so she won the bays.
She'd never heard of vitamins,
She WOULD have sniffed at things in tins;
A diet chart
Would break her heart—
Especially Dr. HAY'S.

BUT

In vain we rage—the Women's Page
Has taught our wives to fix
A mushroom like a cream-meringue
And grills like ice-cream bricks.
Ah! would they bake us pies
Like *pies*
(Incredulous hip-hips!)
Or glance in Mrs. BEETON's book
And cook us steak and chips to look
(O rare and whimsical surprise!)
Like steak, my lads, and chips!

GENERAL
OUTFITTE



THE COLOUR BAR

SIR JOHN SIMON. "SORRY, SIR, WE'RE NOT STOCKING BLACKS OR REDS ANY MORE, BUT WE CAN SHOW YOU SOME VERY ATTRACTIVE LINES IN BROWN AND BLUE."



Impressions of Parliament

Synopsis of the Week

Monday, November 9th.—Commons: Debate resumed on Opposition Amendment to Address.



"The Uniforms Bill will be discussed next week."—Sir John Simon.

[Enter SIR T. VANSITTART BOWATER IN COURT DRESS, AMID LOUD CHEERS AND LAUGHTER FROM ALL PARTS OF THE HOUSE.]

Tuesday, November 10th.—Lords: Debate on National Physique.

Commons: Debate on Liberal Amendment to Address.

Wednesday, November 11th.—Lords: Debate on Decay of British Shipping.

Commons: Debates on Reduction of Hours of Labour and Government's Decision Not to Hear Hunger-Marchers.

Monday, November 9th.—At Question-time this afternoon an altogether astounding admission was made by the new Minister of Agriculture, Mr. W. S. MORRISON, when he said, in defence of duties paid on the import of a filly brought over from the national stud farm in Kildare, that the Government's share of her winnings on the Turf already amounted to £300. What will the constituents of National Liberal Ministers have to say to that? Surely a good deal!

The Labour Amendment was defeated by 369 to 125, after a quiet debate. Mr. GREENFELL insisted that through the Means Test the Government had sacrificed the loyalty of the working classes. Mr. FOOT was

gloomy, and the MINISTER OF LABOUR read a letter from Mr. MALCOLM STEWART which effectively denied Mr. ATTLEE's Hyde Park suggestion that he had resigned because he thought his work futile. The Commissioners, said Mr. BROWN, had already committed themselves to a further expenditure of £7,000,000, and their work was having an increasing effect. As for the Means Test, since its imposition the average payment to each recipient had actually gone up.

Mr. HERBERT MORRISON and Sir JOHN SIMON wound up, as usual, the one being for Socialisation and the other against it.

Tuesday, November 10th.—A very interesting debate was opened in the Upper House this afternoon by Lord MOUNT TEMPLE. He asked what steps the Government proposed to take to supplement the CHANCELLOR's pledge that the physical standards of the nation were to be seriously considered, in view especially of the deplorable fact that in 1935 medical boards had turned down 47% of applicants for the Army. He went on to wonder if a system such as the German *Arbeitsdienst* Boys' Labour Camps (he pretended these were in Ruritania) would be really impossible in this country, seeing that they produced magnificent physique and annihilated class-feeling. (He omitted what to Mr. P. R. seemed an important point, that they would achieve these objects just as well and even better in an unmilitary form.)

Lord DAWSON's view was that, since doctors had interfered with Nature's methods of killing off the weakest, it had become necessary to plan for a fit race. He suggested that a series of increasingly stiff physical examinations during adolescence would produce a model corps of young leaders

and that voluntary sterilisation of those unfit for parenthood must come. Lord MILNE deplored headmasters' reluctance to give up school-time to physical instruction, and urged that the drill instructor was the last type



AMMON-RÊ
(*Tutelary Deity of Egypt*)

"What would be the effect [of the proposed dam at Lake Tsana] on the water-supply of Egypt?"—Mr. Ammon, in a Question to the Foreign Secretary.

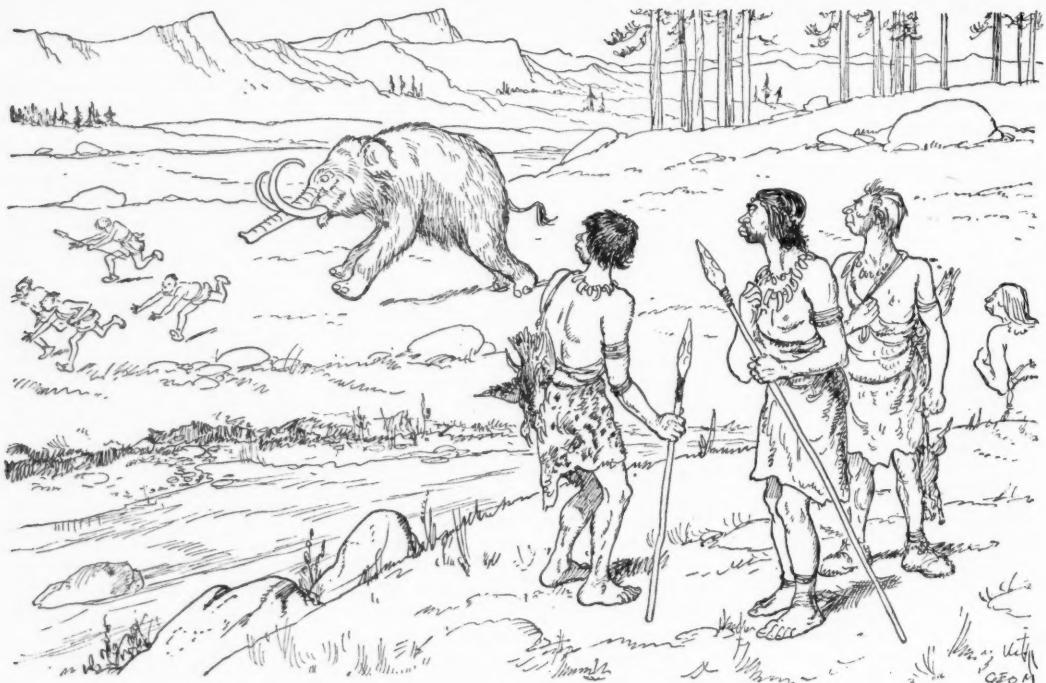
to be in charge of it. Lord HORDER agreed with Lord DAWSON in the long view, but thought nutrition of more immediate importance than exercises. Lord AMULREE asked for an inspectorate of physical training on the lines of the existing inspectorate of class teaching; and in reply Lord DE LA WARR rejected Lord MOUNT TEMPLE's suggestion of compulsion and declared that this Government more than any of its predecessors had the subject of nutrition at heart.

At Question-time in the Commons a hint from a Labour Member, Mr. TED WILLIAMS, that the Government should try to recompense General Sir HUBERT GOUGH for the ill-treatment he had received, brought from the P.M. satisfaction that General GOUGH had been vindicated but the decision that a fresh inquiry was impossible. From Sir WILLIAM DAVISON, however, it brought the admirable suggestion that the vacant office of Field-Marshal should go to General GOUGH.



LION STATANT GUARDANT
(*The Royal Crest of England*)

SIR THOMAS INSKIP DISPLAYS HIS "MAGIC SHADOW-SHOW."



"WELL, BOYS, I'M NOT SORRY I SOLD OUT MY SHARES IN THE MAMMOTH PRODUCTS COMPANY."

The Liberal Amendment, regretting that the Gracious Speech contained no mention of legislation to implement the Report of the Royal Commission on Arms, was moved in a reasoned speech by Mr. KINGSLEY GRIFFITH, who urged with wit that young people were feeling modern war to be a horrible game of noughts and crosses, the crosses being found on the battle-fields and the noughts in the ledgers of the arms manufacturers.

In a speech of over an hour Sir THOMAS INSKIP surveyed the whole field of supply, which he found far from unsatisfactory, and explained that, although the Government were taking the findings of the Commission seriously, its marked lack of unanimity must be taken into consideration. For the time being, at any rate, official opinion was against the creation of a Ministry of Munitions.

Mr. LEES-SMITH objected that Sir THOMAS INSKIP's office was mainly a Service Secretariat, although most of its problems were those of the civilian population. And then, before Sir SAMUEL HOARE wound up with a calm reinforcement of Sir THOMAS's arguments, two of the Tory watch-dogs, Lord WINTERTON and Mr. AMERY, arose to smite Sir THOMAS for what they deemed complacency, and the whole Government for insufficient vigour in this matter of rearmament.

Wednesday, November 11th.—The sad condition of the British Mercantile Marine was vigorously raised in the Upper House by Lord LLOYD, who spoke of the gross neglect with which successive Governments had treated this problem, and demanded prompt and energetic action for a service which had 2,000 fewer cargo-ships on

its trade routes than in 1914 and 45,000 fewer seamen afloat. For the Government Lord TEMPLEMORE promised an extension for 1937 of the £2,000,000 tramp shipping subsidy and a determination to leave no stone unturned. An unhappy phrase, which the Front Bench should avoid.

On Mr. GORDON MACDONALD's motion the Commons discussed the question of reducing hours of labour. His three points were increased leisure, increased efficiency and a contribution towards the unemployment problem; but Mr. STUART RUSSELL, while sympathetic to the idea, produced the telling argument that reduced hours would mean increased costs of production with consequent loss of markets overseas, and that manufacturers would be tempted to instal labour-saving machinery which would offset the decrease in unemployment.

Afterwards Mr. ATTLEE moved the Adjournment to protest against the P.M.'s decision not to receive the hunger-marchers at the Bar of the House. Mr. BALDWIN explained that it was mainly due to the dangers which such a precedent might encourage in the future, and Mr. GALLAGHER lightened a depressing evening with the excellent remark that the Government itself had come into existence as a result of a march—that of the bankers to Downing Street.



OUR BACK BENCH WHO'S WHO

Just to keep the Conservative Party
Hearty,
Mr. HAROLD MACMILLAN
Occasionally plays the villain.

Ship Names

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—We are, as you know, a peace-loving people. Like Herr HITLER, we do not want war. Indeed it seems to be agreed among all the peoples of Europe that nobody wants war. Nevertheless the failure on the part of others to follow our example of disarmament has forced us into reorganising and to some extent rebuilding our defences. Next year we shall lay down two new battleships; and no one would wish to alter the names which have been chosen for them. But in a few years we may possibly require to build still more. Permit me, therefore, to urge upon My Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, through your columns, that in the names of future battleships we should embody the national feeling towards rearmament. I tentatively propose H.M.S. *Regrettable* and H.M.S. *Unavoidable*.

Furthermore, Sir, I humbly suggest that if the armaments race develops according to the fears of our pessimists

the day may arrive when we could with some felicity launch a destroyer named, not H.M.S. *Broke*—for we already have a flotilla leader bearing that honoured name—but H.M.S. *Bust*. Other nations, if it comes to that stage, will doubtless be in the same boat as ourselves, and we shall thus at last be shipmates with our neighbours in Europe.

I remain, Sir,
Your devoted Servant,
"SHORE-LOAFER."

A Ballade of Intended Dissipation

[“What brought you out upon the virtoot?”—CHAUCER, *The Miller’s Tale*.]

I READ a tale of days gone by,
One of those simple Saxon lays
Where CHAUCER rolls a roguish eye
Beneath his decorous wreath of
bays,
And, chancing on the perfect phrase,
I cried instanter “*Coûte que coûte*”—
Such inspiration it conveys—
“I’m going on the virtoot!”

My friends may lift their hands on
high

And shake their heads in shocked
amaze;

Their disapproval I defy.

Indifferent to the blame or praise
Of such a lot of silly jays,
I do not care a single hoot
Whatever fuss they choose to raise:
I’m going on the virtoot.

Bring me my bow, my well-knit tie,
That clips the stud in subtle
ways;

My kerchief of the crimson dye
That like an oriflamme shall blaze
Against the dicky’s spotless glaze;
Bring me a fourpenny cheroot,
And watch me draw the fair one’s
gaze!

I’m going on the virtoot.

L’Envoi

(To the President of the Chalford Women’s Institute, by telegram.)

Regret cannot fulfil to-day’s
Engagement Women’s Institute
Judge home-made papier-mâché
trays:
Am going on the virtoot.



“ABSENT-MINDED SORT OF BLOKE ‘E IS. IF ‘E WAS INVITED OUT TO DINNER LIKE AS NOT ‘E’D FORGET TO BRING ‘IS MOUTH-ORGAN.”

At the Play

"PARNELL" (NEW)

THERE are so many people still alive with vivid memories of PARNELL and his dramatic fortunes that it is very ambitious to put him on the stage. A few years ago TIM HEALY would have had much to say about the presentation in this play of himself in earlier life, and the actors and actresses must have an uncomfortable feeling that the stalls at the New Theatre are full of immediate descendants, coming to appraise this attempt to represent their fathers and mothers and uncles and aunts. But it only requires a little magnanimity on the part of such an audience to appreciate the high merit and deserved success of this play.

The story of PARNELL's late and tragic love affords an admirable setting for Miss MARGARET RAWLINGS as *Katharine O'Shea*. Miss RAWLINGS is an actress of extreme distinction who conveys the whole time an impression that here is no external performance however accomplished, no actress thinking her own thoughts behind the figure she is presenting, but simply an incarnation. Sometimes her radiant quality makes her seem the only human being in a world of half-real people. Her gifts are particularly well placed in this play, where it is essential for the success of the evening that the personal drama shall hold our attention and that politics shall be tamed and kept in the background.

The politics are not too well managed. The scene which purports to show Mr. GLADSTONE in his study might have come out of revue, and Mr. ARTHUR YOUNG does not succeed in looking lean and hawk-like and impressive, because he does not try. He is rather chubby and roguish, and his servants, his books, his ogling—all have a flavour of broad comedy. There are some curious and needless lapses. The impression is conveyed, for example, that Mr. GLADSTONE was Prime Minister at the crash, and nothing is done to explain the gulf of four years

between 1886 and 1890. But the play does need the leaders of the Irish Party, and a very unimpressive crew they appear; only Michael Davitt (Mr. HARRY HUTCHINSON) has some distinction, whilst the *O'Gorman Mahon* (Mr. E. J. KENNEDY) and Thomas

and strategical and exact endowments, but the sort of man who might easily be the leader of a religious sect with startling doctrines, a large and splendid adventurer. But whatever is thus lost in politics is gained in private life. We do get from the play the sense of a great and real passion. We do understand that this is the greatest thing in *Parnell's* life, and we are shown a *Katharine O'Shea* who enables us at once to understand that it may well be so.

Mr. GLEN BYAM SHAW acts the unpleasant part of *Captain O'Shea* with much decision. He suffers from looking so exactly like familiar DU MAURIER drawings, and is a true period piece, English rather than Irish. Miss MARGA VANNE as *Aunt Caroline* is full of a quiet but cutting repartee which serves to relieve the tension. She is always at *Katharine's* side, and she reduces everything to manageable proportions and will not let tragedy settle down in her drawing-room. She is rightly excluded at the very end, for the end is tragic, and when it comes Miss RAWLINGS crowns

a superb performance in the poignant grief with which the play ends. D. W.

"FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS"
(CRITERION)

M. Maingot had made the fatal mistake of admitting to his cramming institution in the South of France the sister of one of his English pupils, and remained for so shrewd an old gentleman remarkably oblivious of his error. If Diana had been just an ordinary sister with a hazy intention of mastering the native syntax and perhaps impressing one of the inmates with her charms, no harm would have been done; but Diana had exactly one idea in a head of strictly limited capacity, and Mr. TERENCE RATTIGAN, the author of this frivolous, entertaining and faintly improper comedy,

has wisely entrusted her to the small but extraordinarily capable hands of Miss KAY HAMMOND, who scarcely put an eyelash wrong the whole evening. Her Diana is the wide-eyed drawling type of huntress, tireless in the chase and eager to perfect

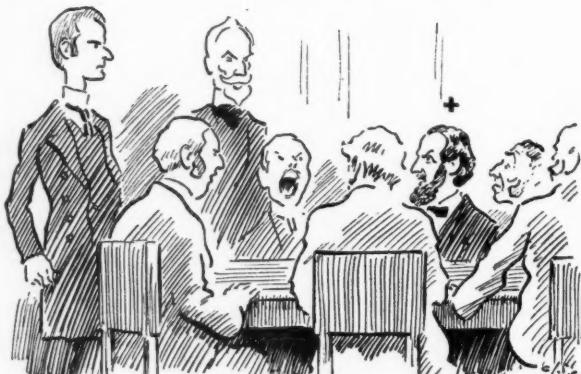


AUNT CAROLINE THE CALM HOMERULER

Katharine O'Shea *MISS MARGARET RAWLINGS*
Mrs. Hamish *MISS MARDA VANNE*
Capt. William Henry O'Shea. *MR. GLEN BYAM SHAW*

Murphy (Mr. J. A. O'ROURKE) are good comic figures.

But it is no wonder if this extraordinarily unimpressive company is no match for *Parnell*, whose eye



IRISH STEW

(THE CHIEF POTATO IS MARKED WITH A CROSS.)

flashes and whose lip curls and whose sentences crack like whips. Mr. WYNDHAM GOLDIE makes the mesmeric authority of *Parnell* crude and obvious. He does not show us a rather quiet ordinary-looking man whose strength lies in clearheadedness

her art even on the smaller game. She makes considerable hay, as you might guess, of the young men gathered under the *Maingot* tree with the nominal intention of gaining sufficient fluency to defeat the narks of the Civil Service.

Kit Neilan (Mr. ROBERT FLEMING) is already in her poacher's pocket when the play opens, and with the arrival of *Lt.-Commander Rogers* (Mr. ROLAND CULVER) and her immediate concentration on his guileless person the drama may be said to get fairly under way. It is complicated by *M. Maingot's* possession of a daughter, *Jacqueline* (Miss JESSICA TANDY), a charming and singlehearted girl, who assists him to din the French language into young England and who is sadly in love with *Kit*; and further enlivened by the presence of two independents, as it were, *Brian*, a brainless and somewhat dissolute young man with all the bearish charm which Mr. GUY MIDDLETON can impart to such a character, and *Alan* (Mr. REX HARRISON), whose superior intelligence and quicker wit make him the natural leader of the group.

From these elements Mr. RATTIGAN draws enough changes of situation to keep his three Acts lively, and his treatment is light and crisp. He makes the most of the possibilities for the *vous êtes un régulier un* branch of humour, and he is liberal, particularly to Mr. REX HARRISON, with good lines. The result is a bubbling little comedy of no importance whatever, which is excellently acted, almost certain to amuse, and might easily run a theatrical marathon. It is seen to advantage against Mr. JOHN GOWER PARKS' bright set, warmed by the unfailing spotlight of the Midi.

Miss TANDY, who never seems to speak native English these days, was in very good form and a perfect contrast to Miss HAMMOND. Mr. PERCY WALSH was as veritable a *Maingot* as ever bore a *béret* and besought his pension-

naires twenty times a day to speak the language for whose acquisition they were in all probability paying through the nose. Mr. TREVOR HOWARD'S

Kenneth supported patiently his sister's carryings-on, and Mr. HARRISON romped away with a part which suited him to the ground. ERIC.

"THE KING AND MISTRESS SHORE" (LITTLE)

To go to the Little Theatre and to see *The King and Mistress Shore* is to be carried right away from the present into a remote and extraordinary past. *King Edward IV.* (Mr. GYLES ISHAM) falls in love with the wife of a City man, one *Matthew Shore* (Mr. ERIC LUCCO), and the beautiful *Jane Shore* (Miss JOAN MAUDE) enters English history. She has twelve glad years as the *King's* mistress, but her fate after that is one which might well have alarmed the later mistresses of later kings, who might be thankful that they lived in an age when public penance had gone out of fashion.

When the film was being made of *NELL GWYN*, the American Legion of Decency demanded a final scene showing that poor *NELLIE* did starve. It must be made plain, they said, that vice however good-natured and royal did not prosper; but the sufferings of *NELL GWYN* were small compared with those of *JANE SHORE*, who walked barefoot from Temple Bar to St. Paul's, doing penance for her wicked ways, and followed her penance by some thirty years of penury, finally relieved by *Sir Thomas More*. The crowd which sees her doing her penance is won over and does not throw its eggs, and it would have been a hard-hearted crowd indeed which could have resisted the beauty and appealing grace of Miss JOAN MAUDE.

Mr. CLIFFORD BAX accepts the traditional view of *Richard, Duke of Gloucester*, and Mr. ESMOND KNIGHT plays the part of the *Hunchback* in a way which leaves no doubt not only of his wickedness but of his progressive wickedness. There is perhaps a rather modern note about Mr. KNIGHT's performance. *Richard* fingering a book might belong to a modern play of



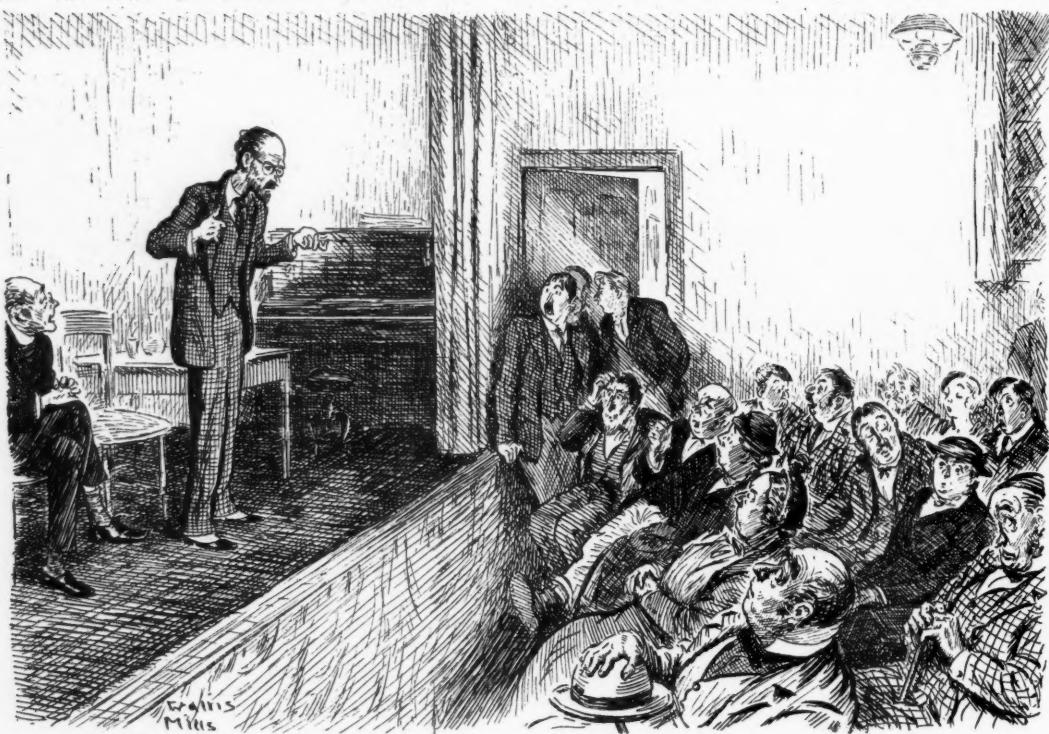
TRIUMPH OF THE AULD ALLIANCE

<i>Lt.-Commander Rogers</i>	MR. ROLAND CULVER
<i>Brian Curtis</i>	MR. GUY MIDDLETON
<i>Monsieur Maingot</i>	MR. PERCY WALSH
<i>Jacqueline Maingot</i>	MISS JESSICA TANDY
<i>Kit Neilan</i>	MR. ROBERT FLEMING



FALL OF A CYNIC

<i>Hon. Alan Howard</i>	MR. REX HARRISON
<i>Diana Lake</i>	MISS KAY HAMMOND



"I SHALL EXPLAIN THE EXPRESSION 'TU QUOQUE' IN CASE SOME OF YOU MAY HAVE FORGOTTEN YOUR LATIN."

crime and degeneration, and he seems to be seeking the throne from no large political ideas but wholly from small and personal twists of character. But with this criticism the performance is an outstanding one which gathers strength in the Third Act.

As *Edward IV*. Mr. ISHAM has nothing to do but to be pleased and pleasing, and few actors have more talent in both directions. Every time he comes on he is plainly expecting to enjoy himself, and the scene in which *Jane Shore* saves a poacher from the gallows rather loses its force because one cannot think of this *Edward IV*. as a gallows-minded man. As *Lord Hastings*, who marries *Jane* after the King's death, Mr. ROBERT RENDEL seems to have come straight from the world of Mr. BUCHAN's novels. D. W.

"ARSENAL FOUND IN BAR."
News Heading.

What will their trainer say?

"The Annual Meeting of the B.W.T.A.U. will be held (D.V.) on Tuesday. . . . the Missionary Sale will take place on Friday."
Church Magazine.

In any case?

Mats

I WAS lying in my hammock in the garden, thoroughly enjoying a wonderful dream about an editor being rejected by an alligator, when strange and awful noises percolated through the hedge. Wild unearthly screams and dull thuds.

"It sounds as if the Colonel is knocking his wife about," I mused. In the interests of humanity and curiosity I peered over the hedge, and I was disappointed to find that the Colonel was merely beating a small mat which he had hung on a line stretched from hedge to hedge. And as he beat he sang—a wild hunting-song which he had learned, no doubt, in the Bhoola-Bhoola campaign with which his name will ever be honourably associated.

"This is a great game, Conkleshill," he said—"splendid exercise. And I discovered its invigorating effects quite by accident. I upset the ash-tray over this mat and thought I'd better remove the traces before the wife returned. But the craving to go on beating mats has gripped me, and I

am going inside for some more. Try it yourself—much better than golf or tennis."

He came out with an armful of small mats and started merrily away at them. I always find that if I watch anybody else doing anything I want to do it myself, so I found a rope and stretched it across our garden, and went in and fetched some mats. Edith often complains that I'm no help about the house, and it seemed a good chance to prove that she was wrong.

For the next twenty minutes we beat vigorously. The Colonel crooned the hunting-song of the Bhoola-Bhoolas while I rendered "Marching Through Georgia" to the tune of "Land of Hope and Glory." For a time the scene was quite idyllic, and then the Colonel ruined everything by introducing that competitive element which is the curse of modern sport.

"You've only done four rugs," he said uppishly, "while I have done six, not counting the one I'd done before you started."

"But I do about thirty beats per mat," I said, "and you only do twenty."

"Rot!" said the Colonel; "it's simply that I have mastered the technique and you haven't. I discovered long ago that the proper stroke for the utmost dust-efficiency is the BOROTRA lob-volley. Your approach-shot is like the mashie-play of a spavined grave-digger with St. Vitus Dance."

Naturally I couldn't overlook a remark like that. I had been priding myself on my stylish wielding of the beater. So we fetched some more rugs and settled down to the business in real earnest. While the Colonel was collecting his mats I heard a crash from his drawing-room, and when he came out he remarked that it was darned silly putting occasional tables on sliding mats because it stood to reason that if anybody took the mat without noticing, the china thereon would be thereoff.

"Palm-stands too," I said, "should not be put on mats. Did you hear it fall?"

Then we set about our mat-beating in real earnest. First the Colonel beat a mat while I timed him, and then I beat a mat while the Colonel timed me. But it wasn't quite satisfactory, because I was sure the Colonel added several seconds to my time, so I added several seconds to his time, and then he accused me of cheating, saying he had timed himself by his wrist-watch.

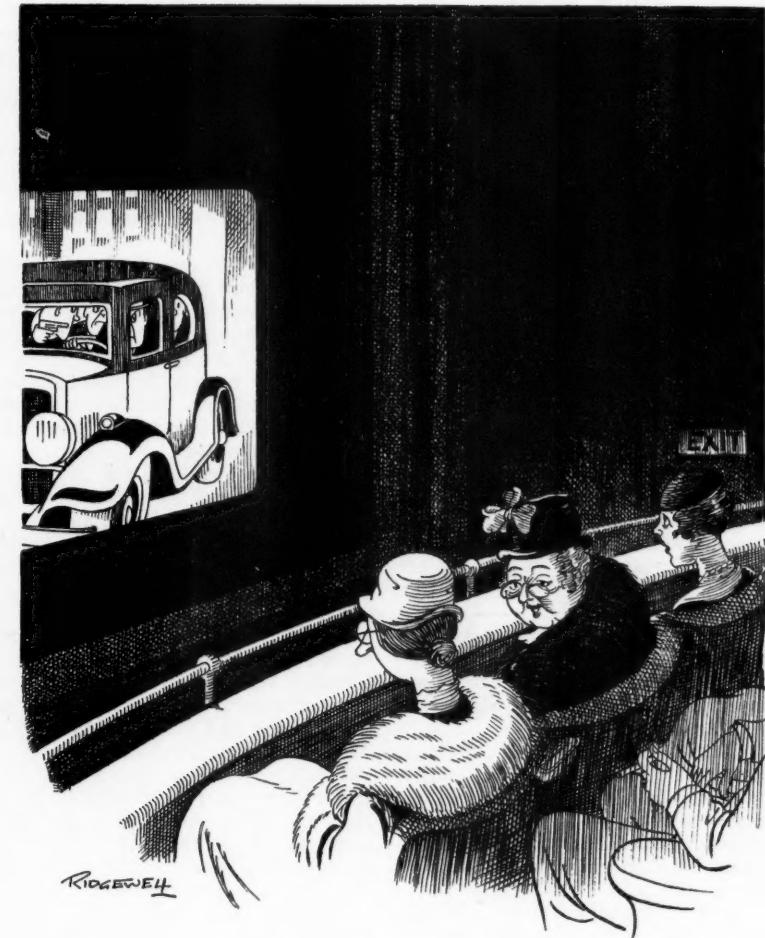
"I added a few seconds to your time because, knowing your dishonest nature, I was sure you'd add a few seconds to my time," I said. "Admit that you did."

"I did," he said, "but only because I knew you'd think I'd add a few seconds to your time and therefore add a few seconds to my time."

"Let's have an endurance test instead," I suggested. "Each of us can stretch every available mat on the line, and then, beating in unison, we can work gradually along until one of us has to give up through exhaustion. The survivor will stand unchallenged as champion mat-beater of Little Wobbley."

It was an epic struggle, and windows all down the road opened as more and more of our neighbours were attracted by the strange sad song of the mat-beaters. But soon the strains of "Marching Through Georgia" died away and the hunting-song of the Bhoola-Bhoolas was no longer heard in the land. We needed all our breath for the job in hand.

Slower and slower, but always keeping beat for beat, we toiled on. At last I had hardly the strength to lift the beater, but I could see the Colonel was all in, so I carried on.



"YOU SEE WHAT THEY'RE DOING, EMILY?—TAKING HIM FOR A RIDE. PRESENTLY WE SHALL SEE THEM SOCK HIM AND POSSIBLY BUMP HIM OFF."

"Let's call it a tie," said the Colonel at last. I dropped my beater thankfully and we staggered into his house for a drink. We had several drinks.

Mrs. Hogg and Edith came in. Mrs. Hogg went straight to the point.

"What sort of game do you think you're playing?" she said. "Every room in the house is wrecked and all our mats and rugs are in the garden. It's been raining hard for fifteen minutes, and they will take weeks and weeks to dry."

"He pointed out that there had never been any Anglo-Italian differences. Such differences as there had been arose from the attempt by this country loyally to discharge its international obligations."

Report of Speech.

Of course, as there hadn't been any, the cause of such as there were is really immaterial.

Seven at One Blow

THEY told him that his wife had one; He said "Jove's holy will be done."

They told him that his wife had two; He said "That's all I want from you."

They told him that his wife had three; He said "My Goodness Gracious Me."

They told him that his wife had four He looked a lot, but said no more.

They broke the news that there were five;

Strong waters helped him to revive.

But when they came and whispered "six"

It floored him like a load of bricks, And he had joined the choirs of heaven Before he heard of Number Seven.

DUM-DUM.

Winter Sports

"Now, come along," said Mrs. Lampeter in such a jolly voice, "you're all going to play round-the-fire games." She looked round at us happily.

There was an eloquent silence. Then three people spoke.

"The trouble about *them*," said the loudest, "is pencils. If you mean the pencil sort."

"Oh, we've heaps of pencils. Herbert brought a box home from the office—didn't you, Herbert?"

"Paper," added another brave defender, "is also a difficulty."

In reply to this Mrs. Lampeter began tearing lots of the stuff into ominous lengths.

"Consequences," muttered someone. "The trouble about *them* is—"

"Now then," organised Mrs. Lampeter, "this is called Picture Gallery Consequences. You all write a title at the top of your paper and pass it on to the person sitting on your left, who then draws what he thinks—"

"But, I can't *draw*!" screamed everybody. Everybody, that is, except a horrible man near the fireplace who was sharpening his pencil in an Art-School manner.

"Oh, that doesn't matter," said Mrs. Lampeter. "No one can. It's funnier if you can't. Well, when you've all drawn the titles—"

"You mean *illustrated* the titles, Mother," said Herbert. "Don't make it so complicated."

"Well, illustrated, then. When you've done that you turn down the title only, so that just the drawing shows, and you pass it on to the next person, who gives it a title, and so on. So you get title, drawing, title, drawing, all the way down. All stand?"

There was a tremendous noise while we explained this to each other.

"What happens at the end?" asked a person called Dickie, with the air of one who is only going to do a thing if it's jolly well worth it.

"At the end you *all* unfold them and look at them," said Mrs. Lampeter, and added hopefully, "They'll be *very* funny."

"Well now, I'll leave you to it," she went on. "Don't be *too* long over your drawings." She disappeared.

"What did she mean by a title?" asked a girl from the sofa. "Something like *The Cotter's Saturday Night* or *His First Suit*?"

"Anything would do for a title, really," said a red-haired girl whose name was Boots. She was sitting next to me. "I mean, it just means any-

thing you can illustrate, and you *could* illustrate—well, even something symbolic like Mass Metabolism, or something, really. I don't know what it means, but it sounds symbolic."

This gave me an idea. I wrote down my title and passed it on to Boots.

"Perhaps it *would* be better to stick to simple concrete things," she said, chewing her pencil and probably wondering what on earth made her think of metabolism.

"Personally," remarked a young man in a shirt which had evidently offered resistance, "I'm going to be frightfully surrealist. I mean," he explained to his neighbour, "I'll write *St. Pancras Station from the South-West* or something, and then you can just draw anything you're good at, and it won't matter."

"It *will* matter," she said gloomily. "I can only draw the most revolting vases. We did that at school."

"The things *I* draw best," said Dickie confidently, "are clocks. So look out for good plain clocks, everybody."

He added the finishing touches to his drawing and handed it on to Jane Martin. Without any hesitation she wrote something under it, turned down the drawing and passed it on to the Art-School man. He frowned.

"Look here, this is absurd," he said, appealing to all of us. "He did one of his clocks, I suppose, and she just wrote 'Clock' under it. Have *I* got to draw a clock now? The game's a farce."

"What's wrong with clocks?" said Dickie indignantly. "They're damned hard things to do properly."

"Yes, but it's silly if everybody does them. The point of this game is that the subject changes all the time, surely."

Someone explained to the Martin girl about subtlety. She promised to try. The game went on for a time in silence. Presently complaints began to be heard. Several people had nothing to do and were idly reading magazines. The complaints came from the others.

"Look," said someone, pointing to the artist man—"he's got a whole pile waiting."

"Hey, you aren't drawing *properly*, are you?" shouted Boots. "It isn't fair. We can't."

"Why, the man's *shading* something," said Dickie in horror. "This has got to be stopped."

"You really mustn't spend long over it," said Herbert with authority. "This isn't meant for you experts."

We glowered at the artist for introducing the taint of skill into the game, and went on concentrating.

"Does a horse get up backwards first, or is that a cow?" asked a girl called Dorothy who was sitting on my right.

"Horse. No, cow," said some of us. "Cow. No, horse," said the rest.

"I'll tell you which," said Jane Martin, "because I always used to remember it by saying backwards the one which got up back-legs first, if you see what I mean."

"Well, which did you say?"

"Esroh, I think. Or was it woe?" "It's a jolly good way of remembering it, anyway," said Dickie admiringly.

"Oh, well, it doesn't matter now," said Dorothy as she passed her drawing to me. "I made it into a sort of humpy animal lying down."

"Is this one of the humps?" I asked.

"No, idiot, that's the sun."

"Look here—you aren't supposed to tell each other what it's meant to be," said Herbert. "Half the fun is guessing."

From the expression of torture on his face as he studied the drawing in front of him it appeared that he was enjoying half the fun. Its creator watched him anxiously.

"Don't take any notice of the mess on the left," she said. "I started again."

"You mean on the right," said Herbert. "Anyway, it's too late; I've titled it."

"How long does this go on?" asked Boots. "Because my giraffe has gone off the paper at the bottom, which is just as well, because I wouldn't have known how to do his feet."

"If you've come to the end of the paper, stop," said Herbert seriously. "Or rather, the next person finishes it off with a title."

"It sounds as if you've played this before," said Dickie. "You ought to be handicapped. Next round you must give the telephone-book to Jane and draw on your knees."

"I say, I've found I can draw steam-rollers," said the man who had promised to be frightfully surrealist. He seemed excited about it—justifiably, I suppose.

"How do you know?" said Boots. "My last title didn't give any opening for a steam-roller."

"Oh, that didn't matter. I made an opening. Steam-rollers improve a picture like anything if you can do them, you know."

Mrs. Lampeter came in.

"Well, how many rounds have you done?" she asked cheerfully.

"Almost one," we answered.

"But you've been hours over it!" she screamed. "We usually get four done in that time."



"MOTHER SAYS WILL YOU TAKE THIS EGG BACK 'COS OUR HEN'S JUST LAID ONE?'

"Not with steam-rollers," said the man who could draw them. "There's a lot of detail in a modern machine. Especially if you include the apparatus for stopping it from running backwards down hills."

"Ah now, with clocks it's different," said Dickie. "The old ones are much harder. Nowadays you haven't even got to bother about numbers."

Mrs. Lampeter smiled vaguely at him.

"Well, hurry up and finish them. I want to see them. I'm sure you've all been so clever."

We hurried up and finished them.

Then we unfolded them and looked at them.

Actually they were quite funny. And we were all glad to see that the Art-School man showed up very poorly against us amateurs.

Gale Force

FOR a day and a night
The wind fought with the trees,
Pulled the beard of the grass and the
hair of the hedge.
Some quarrelsome fault-finding breeze
Started the fight

Up on Alderley Edge;
And we, we did not know where it
would stop.

We prayed for the howling, the shriek-
ing, the fury to cease,
For the wind to drop,
For peace.

Next morning every leaf was gone
And the wind had died,
But who had won
Nobody could decide,
For the trees and the hedge and the
grass with their hair all tumbled
Were so abjectly humbled,
Yet the wind was on its knees
Apologising to the trees!



"IT COULD 'A' BIN WORSE, EDMUND. IF YOU 'D BIN ON ONE O' THESE 'ERE LUKSHERY LINERS, YOU MIGHT 'AVE 'AD A GLASS OF CHAMPAGNE UPSET ALL OVER YER EVENIN' TRAHSENS."

Our Booking-Office
(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

A. J. B.

THE second volume of Mrs. DUGDALE's Life of *Arthur James Balfour* (HUTCHINSON, 18/-) fulfils the high hopes inspired by the first, which Mr. Punch reviewed on September 23. The reader will probably pass rapidly over the uninspiring tale of the endeavours, finally successful in 1911, to oust A. J. B. from the leadership of the Unionist Party, taking comfort in Mrs. DUGDALE's acute reflection that "without the three years' comparative rest which were now to follow" (he found also a most congenial change of occupation in his composition of the Giffard Lectures—*Theism and Humanism* and *Theism and Thought*) "it may well be that the strain of the War period would have been too great, and that the history of the services he was then able to render to his country would have had to be written, if written at all, in a minor and not in a major key." The immense value of those services—at the Admiralty, at the Foreign Office and at the Peace Conference, are admirably set out by Mrs. DUGDALE, and this is an indispensable source book for the historian of the War and post-War periods, especially good perhaps in her account of the manner in which the famous Balfour (Zionist) Declaration was gradually shaped by that masterly mind. And if any of Mr. Punch's readers want a little relaxation in their

study of those grave days, let them turn to p. 244 and read a really splendid piece of destructive criticism, in which A. J. B., on May 13th, 1918, ruthlessly demolished, in a style as witty as it is cogent, a rash memorandum of the General Staff telling the Cabinet how the State Department at Washington and the Foreign Office in London were mismanaging our relations with the Republic of Mexico—rapier-play of the most devastating kind. A word of praise should be added for the late Professor PRINGLE-PATTISON's essay on A. J. B.'s philosophy, and then it is time to conclude by congratulating Mrs. DUGDALE on a thorough piece of work well and truly done.

A Prince of the Church

The ability with which Mr. LOCKHART has written the second part of the Life of the late *Viscount Halifax* (THE CENTENARY PRESS; GEOFFREY BLES, 12/6) can only be fully appreciated by those who have some experience of the tortuous paths of ecclesiastical politics. But Lord HALIFAX had a singleness of heart and a simple and unswerving faith which carried him straight to the heart of every labyrinth. When in 1920 he broke down in delivering what he expected to be his last speech in the House of Lords, it seemed that old age (he was eighty-one), bereavement and infirmity had brought a noble career to a not unworthy close. But Lord HALIFAX proceeded to initiate and carry through the Malines Conversations and to break the English Church Union, to which he had devoted his life, and then

to remake it. It is possible to hold that the Conversations were a mistake; but if so they were a mistake that a lesser man would not have ventured even to think of. He may have made other mistakes, but more than any other man he made the Anglo-Catholic revival of the present century. The only thing he could not make was an enemy. Mr. LOCKHART is fortunate in his subject, and Lord HALIFAX is fortunate in his biographer.

Silk and Scarlet

Here's a book which you will call
Full of vital fluid;
Here's the Life of HENRY HALL
DIXON (named "The Druid");
Here's the stout Victorian stuff,
Phoenix from its ashes;
Here are fun and fisticuff,
Whiskers and moustaches.

HUTCHINSON brings out this same
Excellent good reading,
Bits of Character is its name.
Anyone who's needing
News of grand-dad in his youth,
And his hounds and horses,
Let him ask of J. B. BOOTH
Here—the best of sources.

It's a book I'd bid you note
This that's up and doing,
Chock-a-block with anecdote,
"Tis a mighty brewing;
Dr. ARNOLD to DICK DUNN,
No one is from you hid;
Each one who was anyone
Knew—and loved—"The Druid."

The Man with a Purpose

Whether it be because Mr. IAN COLVIN has restrained a certain natural exuberance in partisanship, or because a necessity to defend his hero in varying circumstances forbids any wholehearted attack on statesmen apt to change from enemies to allies in the space of a few pages, certain it is that the third volume of *The Life of Lord Carson* (GOLLANZ, 16/-) is mellower in tone than was the second. In this final instalment CARSON is seen to be as determined as ever to uphold that Ulster is one with England; but since it covers the years of the Great War a second objective has been developed. He is resolved that the war must be won and that Ulster shall take an honest share in the winning. Through the complex agony of the Irish struggle, the defeats and victories abroad, and the ebb and flow of political coalition he is as flexible in method as he is rigid in purpose, as loyal in friendship as he is at times terrible in rebuke. His comparative non-success in an administrative post becomes of trifling importance in his record. On the whole this volume, more than the others, impresses one with his moral force and final effectiveness.

Unconquerable Souls

Mr. CHESTERTON, musing, if I remember rightly, on the cryptic beauties of BROWNING, mentions an old lady to whom *Pacchiarotto and How He Worked in Distemper* spelt



ECONOMY

not an insignificant painter but a suffering and devoted dog. The old lady had at any rate a sound idea of the type of courage that deserves to be commemorated, the type whose embodiment in five men and one woman is the subject of *Handicaps* (LONGMANS, 6/-). MARY LAMB, BEETHOVEN, ARTHUR KAVANAGH, HENRY FAWCETT, HENLEY and STEVENSON are the book's "poor brave things": all sufficiently well known except KAVANAGH, who, born without hands and feet, became a pioneer traveller and a notable Irish landlord and M.P. of the mid-nineteenth century. Where the dominant theme has been closely adhered to the interest of the studies abundantly justifies its choice. "Mary Lamb," for instance, is a shapelier and more telling piece of work than "Robert Louis Stevenson," whose vivid career has led Mrs. MARY MACCARTHY too far from her proposed track. It cannot, I imagine, be from the more recent biographies that she learns to exalt STEVENSON's character at the expense of HENLEY's or to style the former's beloved "CUMMY" (ALISON CUNNINGHAM) "Alinson Cummin."

D. H. Lawrence: An Afterglow

The posthumous papers of D. H. LAWRENCE do not particularly impress me with what Mr. ALDOUS HUXLEY

called LAWRENCE's "superior otherness." They are more remarkable for their writer's power of describing a simple thing superlatively well—his portrait of a grape hyacinth is almost as good as RUSKIN's—or of criticising profoundly the society the critic shunned and offering vivacious alternatives to its fatuities. "Education of the People," for instance, admirably suggests that the three R's and training for a job should supplant the parody of culture and erudition provided by elementary schools. But this paper—and a third of the rest—was never printed, perhaps because LAWRENCE's characteristic diatribes against maternal influence—the King Charles's head of this eight-hundred-page Memorial—loomed too large. His present editor, Mr. EDWARD McDONALD, has divided *Phoenix* (HEINEMANN, 21/-) into "Nature and Poetical Pieces," "Peoples, Countries, Races," "Love, Sex, Men and Women," "Literature and Art," "Education," "Ethics, Psychology and Philosophy," "Personalia and Fragments." Unequal as they are, these papers undeniably prove that LAWRENCE knew his own strange mind, and that he sufficiently respected its integrity to express it first and find a market for it afterwards.

All Holbein's Fault

That it is an uncommonly risky business for childlike master-butchers to give way to sudden rebellions of the soul against the giblet-slashing routine of a lifetime can be taken for granted; but when *Herr Oscar Külz*, crossing his backyard one Saturday evening to fetch some trotters from his slaughterhouse, succumbed to a wild inspiration to desert his importunate family and embrace the larger life, he had no notion, nor would he have believed, how soon his massive frame was to become a vital factor in the dizzy world of international theft. In *The Missing Miniature* (CAFE, 7/6) you may read of the tremendous adventures which engulfed this honest sausage-factor, and of the charming triangular friendship which sprang up between him and pretty *Fräulein Trübner* and the mysterious young *Herr Struve*, all on account of an errant Holbein rather smaller than one of his own great hands. Herr ERICH KÄSTNER, who wrote *Emil and the Detectives* and whom I honour in my own mind by bracketing with Mr ROBERT NATHAN, is the author of this entirely delightful burlesque of high crime, and the translator, who has very deftly conveyed the delicate humour of the original, is Mr. CYRUS BROOKS. A book which might well solve one problem on your Christmas shopping list.



THE BEST BUYER

Tough Nuts

Apart from the fact that the stage of *Deathblow Hill* (GOLLANCZ, 7/6) is at times uncomfortably crowded, Miss PHŒBE ATWOOD TAYLOR's "new *Asey Mayo* detective story" runs smoothly and swiftly from start to finish. *Asey*, an American in tone and tongue, while discovering the cause of the state of mystery and terror in which the *Howes* family and their numerous connections are living, puts up a thoroughly sound and efficient performance. But in one respect I think he is lucky when compared with his fellows in English fiction, for he is almost totally unimpeded by official police. If ever a detective had a free hand he has, and as the villains of the drama are both avaricious and unscrupulous it is well that he could pay uninterrupted attention to them. In the midst of murders and mysteries Miss TAYLOR has not forgotten that young people can still find time to fall in love.

Indian Quest

Returning to India on a journalist's errand to report on "Baby Clinics and Village Uplift" and the contemporary life of the land in general, Major F. YEATS-BROWN spent much of his time on a more personal quest. "Gallivanting about after gurus," he calls it; but the flippancy of the phrase is discordant with the earnest spirit in which he sought counsel of the adepts of Yoga and endeavoured to put their precepts into practice. *Lancer at Large* (GOLLANCZ, 10/6) is in fact no mere free-lance or knight-errant: he is a

Knight of the Grail. Not that his aspirations after the eternal verities interfere with his interest in temporal fact. On the contrary, they are its basis. He visits schools and village communities and listens to the debates of the Assembly, is as responsive to the noise of the market as to the silence of the monastery, talks as keenly with the practical reformer as with the mystic (but often the two are one), and describes all, as he revives old legend or recalls the pig-sticking days of his youth, with that power of vivid writing which we know. But, contemptuous of the panaceas of the politicians, he believes that it is the seers and sages who must make the future of India as they made her tremendous past; that the differences between creed and race which cannot be abolished by Act of Parliament may be resolved by a wisdom transcending them. Major YEATS-BROWN puts forward a challenging theory, brilliantly expounded and illustrated.